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CIVILIZATION;

OR

THE INDIAN CHIEF.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

“ By whatever instrument Piety is advantaged, use that, though thou grindest thy spears and arrows at the forges of the Philistines.”—BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

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CIVILIZATION

CHAPTER I.

JUSTINIAN had soon the happiness of witnessing his chief plans in a progressive state. He had accomplished their commencement with less difficulty than he had apprehended; and by that judgment and penetration, which gave him a clear insight into the dispositions of those with whom he had to act, he had overcome all obstacles, and even induced Mr. Rainsworth, in some instances, to abet his schemes.

His success was not the result of flattery or hypocrisy, nor of the dominion over the weaknesses of others, but of a simple statement of the actual case, and a lively representation of it,

in its real colours, so striking to the hearts and understandings of men, that no one who even wished to maintain the *appearance* of character, could oppose what he projected. By every man of sense and worth, he was acknowledged to be an acquisition of inestimable value to their neighbourhood. Mr. Rainsworth allowed that he was a clever young man, but, in his own words, rather too much of a *parson* for him.

Among the poor, Justinian was at first extremely unpopular. All that he was endeavouring to do for them, only irritated and offended them. They had reached that depth of degradation, which rendered them averse to rising from it, and he incurred their warmest disapprobation for having already succeeded in suppressing several public houses, in which it was easy to find such disorderly parties as afforded a plea for indicting them. Nor did Justinian intend to relinquish this species

of persecution till he had reduced their number to a simple unit, which should be under such restrictions as to deprive it of the means of proving injurious.

These measures, his frequent visits to their cottages, his questions, his advice, and the regret he expressed at the scenes that he witnessed, made him extremely obnoxious to the worst portion of his parishioners; but when they found that he was not to be rebuffed, that he never inquired into a grievance without seeking to redress it, that he never learnt their wants without endeavouring to relieve them, and never offered advice that was not for their own advantage, they began to soften towards him, and question whether it was not the best policy to do as he recommended them. They could not long be insensible to the friendliness of his manner, and the ardent solicitude with which he urged every thing for their good. Of himself, or of his accommodations, he had yet had scarce-

ly time to think ; when he *could* detach an idea from the momentous concerns of others, which depended so much upon him, he reflected with great pain on his brother's neglect of him. Not a single line, nor any intelligence whatever, had he gained respecting him since their last interview under such agitating circumstances. From Mr. Delaval Justinian had heard twice during the three months which he had now been at his living.

Many particulars of the narrative, already before the reader, were recapitulated in Mr. Delaval's letters—but of events subsequent to the recognition of the brothers he made no mention. He merely observed, that Lady St. Maurice still lingered in a state the most deplorable. The remembrance of his brother never recurred to the thoughts of Justinian, but with feelings of the liveliest affection, and with keen regret at being deprived of all intercourse with one, who, inde-

pendent of the tie that allied them, was rendered so interesting by the intimacy that had existed between them. A religious mind is peculiarly susceptible of tender impressions, and all that it resigns of the vehemence of passion, is indemnified to it by the strength of its affections.

Of his future residence, Justinian had now to form a plan for an examination; the parsonage house proved so completely dilapidated, that the only mode of rendering it habitable was to rebuild it anew; this Justinian did not regret, as he could now fix on a spot more in conformity to his taste, for the erection of the new dwelling, and design a more convenient abode. He placed it so as to command a view of the extensive prospect which had before been entirely obstructed by the walls of the Church; and here was commenced such an humble though comfortable habitation, as could afford all the advantages of a genteel resi-

dence without splendour. Till it should be ready for his reception, he was content to remain at the clerk's cottage, and even contemplated passing the winter there without dissatisfaction; but summer had not yet expired.

He had hitherto declined all invitations alike, and had therefore avoided any appearance of rudeness in not availing himself of Mr. Rainsworth's proffered attentions; with *him* Justinian could not form a visiting acquaintance, and therefore regretted the disposition to solicit his company, which Mr. R. had evinced. To communicate with him, as duty prompted, Justinian was truly desirous, and hoped to do so at some future opportunity. His abhorrence of Mr. Rainsworth's guilty life could not admit of increase, or it would have been augmented by the sight of those interesting members of his family, whom he had exiled from their home.

Since Justinian had performed the

duty of the Church, Miss Rainsworth, her companion, her sister and brothers during the holydays, regularly attended the evening service; at that hour, none of the inmates of Mr. Rainsworth's house ever appeared, though they sometimes were *all* seen occupying the family pew in the morning—Miss Rainsworth, on that account, went in the afternoon, and sat in a remote seat, feeling that she was banished from that, for ages resorted to by a long train of worthy ancestors. Her residence was too distant from the Church to permit of her walking to it more than once a day. Miss Rainsworth's appearance was remarkable only for an air of perfect gentility, which denoted a person of distinction, though her dress was simple and in moderate compliance with the fashion of the day; being as far removed from rusticity and negligence, as from show and splendour. So unobtrusive was her manner, so little conscious did she appear of at-

tracting attention, that she never lost that ease which springs from a persuasion that we excite no observation, and from a mind occupied by other objects than *self*.

Mr. Rainsworth sometimes visited his daughter, but not often, for no sympathy existed between them, and when they met, all was constraint on her side, and hypocrisy on his. Until the age of fourteen, she had reaped all the invaluable advantages afforded by an exemplary, wise, and pious mother, whose sufferings she had witnessed with a keen susceptibility of their cause. At their termination, she found herself prematurely called on to act with the propriety and decision of a woman of sense : no person of her age was ever better calculated to demonstrate the precocity that may be produced by a judicious education, and the early culture of devout principles. She beheld a menial servant elevated to her mother's situation in every thing

but name, and she firmly declared her resolution of submitting to servitude or beggary rather than to such authority, and prepared with her little sister, then only one year old, to accompany a worthy housekeeper, who had served her mother, and who was a woman of superior manners and education, from the degraded dwelling of her forefathers. Under those circumstances, Mr. Rainsworth had thought it most expedient to appropriate a distant tenement to the accommodation of his daughters and their two brothers. There, on a very limited income, arising partly from a mean allowance from Mr. Rainsworth, and an annuity of fifty pounds each to his daughters left them by an uncle, they continued to reside. The expenses attendant on the public education of his sons, Mr. Rainsworth defrayed, but gave them little besides, as they chose, both through their sisters persuasion and from their own inclinations, to spend the holydays with her ;

and while he accused them all of acting independently of him, he made it a pretext for denying them every thing that was not absolutely indispensable ; while all his favours were bestowed on his younger offspring.

The tuition of her sister had been Miss Rainsworth's chief employment since the child had been capable of instruction ; but various other laudable pursuits divided her time ; nor were lighter accomplishments wholly despised. Neither was she entirely secluded from society. Her mother's early friends, many of whom were neighbours, proffered the protection of which she was debarred, and thus afforded her the opportunity of going into company. Their pressing invitations she sometimes accepted, but home was the resting spot in which she most delighted.

She felt vividly the advantages of her own internal resources, and that they far outweighed any gratification

she could derive from general society. Of a reflective habit, and holy frame of mind, she saw good in every thing, and reaped good from every thing that she *saw*, and therefore could not be permanently unhappy, though in a situation peculiarly painful. Within the walls of her own elegant cottage, rendered so by her taste and industry, she forgot every painful impression, and was cheerful, animated, and happy, without any of those resources, considered by many of her sex as essential to enjoyment. She heard of the revolution that was proceeding in the village with lively interest; it bore testimony to the character of the promoter, which increased the pure and genuine satisfaction with which she listened to his precepts, and justified the approbation he could not fail to inspire.—Justinian had often witnessed her deep attention to his theme; but a corresponding return to his respectful salutation, when he met her, was the only

token of recognition that had yet passed between them. He had soon an opportunity of further observing her, as she was among the number of those ladies who had offered their services to attend in turn to the newly-instituted school. Being yet in its infancy, it required extraordinary attention, and though a person trained for the purpose had been procured to superintend it, Justinian found his own presence necessary for some time every day. On those occasions he had the pleasure of conversing with Miss Rainsworth, when it was her turn to appear there—but their conversation was confined to the subject that engaged their mutual attention. Herself a novice in the duty she was to perform, she with simplicity solicited and received the instruction necessary to qualify her to become active, and improved on the hints given her with judgment that evinced how thoroughly she understood the object desired, and how much

she had it at heart.—Her elderly friend, Mrs. Selwyn, and her little sister, always accompanied her ; the latter she was desirous of initiating into such scenes as would increase the right bias of her mind. Justinian was extremely pleased with Miss Rainsworth's unaffected manners, and the sentiments which she betrayed, without any design, presenting samples of a mind consistently formed of similar materials. There was no desire to shine, no apparent consciousness of any capacity of shining ; but she could not speak on such themes as were the immediate sources of their conversation, without demonstrating the correctness of her opinions. She was neither eager to speak, nor slow to reply ; but maintained that happy balance between formal reserve, and flippant familiarity, which led those who addressed her to feel at their ease, though it never allowed them to be presumptuous. Justinian often observed some of the ladies much incommoded and fatigued

by the heat, and other inconveniences, which they were subject to in their attendance at the school, when they would curtail their duty, and throw themselves into the carriage that awaited them, and seem to be expiring with exhaustion.—But Miss Rainsworth, though certainly not enduring less, as her complexion sometimes betrayed, never complained, nor could be persuaded to relinquish any part of a task, which she considered so essential.—When they had frequently met, and the distance of first acquaintance had in some measure worn off, she confessed to Justinian how deeply she had often regretted the late deplorable state of the village, which had prevented her friend Mrs. Selwyn, and herself, from being of any use to the cottagers. They had, at one time, attempted it, and ventured to visit some few ; but their interference was so ill received, and they were shocked by such scenes of disorder, that they retired in horror,

and with great reluctance relinquished their design.—Miss Rainsworth expressed a hope, that they might now shortly be allowed to prove serviceable ; and begged Mr. Lansdowne would call upon them whenever a case occurred in which they could be of use.

This simple expression of her real wishes, was made without an idea of its entitling her to praise, nor did it ; she desired merely to fulfil a common duty. A few days after, Justinian discovered a family, consisting of a widow and seven children, in circumstances that opened a fair field for the exercise of Miss Rainsworth's philanthropy ; and he ventured to present himself at the door of her cottage, to make the appeal she had requested. She was above prudery, and there was a sanction in the presence of Mrs. Selwyn, which allowed her to receive those whom she respected, though not of her own sex ; but under any circumstances, Mr. Lansdowne, both in his clerical

and personal character, was entitled to admittance, and a visit from him must be considered as a most welcome attention. Miss Rainsworth received him with great courtesy and a warm spirit of hospitality, nor did he depart till he had once more enjoyed that species of colloquial intercourse so perfectly in unison with his taste. There were few rational themes on which he was not competent to enlarge, and he found that Miss Rainsworth could meet him on most of them; nor was she less interested when she could only join by an assent or interrogation in the subject; for she was more eager to be instructed, than to display what she knew, though Justinian preferred an equal division of the dialogue. We would not imply that he pertinaciously avoided conversing on the grand theme that was ever uppermost in his thoughts, he would have found it impossible always to suppress what so naturally and inevitably betrayed itself, though

he never introduced it when it could be lightly received. Who can forbear sometimes speaking of what is dearest to them? Who will not seize with avidity, or ingeniously contrive an opportunity for discoursing of those they love, or of their deepest interest? What affectionate child can resist speaking with delight of a venerated parent? What fond parent does not derive the purest pleasure from talking of the child he loves? What friend but rejoices in lauding the admired object of his esteem? How then is it *possible*, even if it were necessary, to keep for ever out of sight, buried in neglectful silence, concealed in frigid taciturnity, that glorious subject in which soul, heart, and mind, are all involved?

Justinian often discovered his high commission, even unwarily; but he studied neither to conceal nor to display it, on ordinary occasions. He could converse with animation and pleasure on subjects of subordinate

interest. Science, the arts, polite literature, the passing times, could engage his temporary attention, and he could join in innocent mirth, excited by vivacity and humour, but always so tempered, as to render respect inseparable from every impression that he produced.

CHAPTER II.

FROM the period of Justinian's first visit to Miss Rainsworth's cottage, he was occasionally admitted there, and always retired better satisfied with its inmates. Mrs. Selwyn's deportment was mild and pleasing; she possessed a good natural understanding, and an excellent heart; she was humble without being abject, and in no way disgraced the superior line of life in which she now appeared. The little Ellen was an interesting intelligent child. Justinian was fond of female society, and he had thus been induced to go first into company, and he now thought it would be proper to pay his respects to those families who had proffered him attention, and he waited on them all, with the exception of Mr. Rainsworth. But Lansdowne was still slow

to accept the invitations that were pressed on him, and evaded them in many instances. He soon discovered which were the houses it would be agreeable to him to frequent ; and their inmates as speedily penetrated his taste and inclinations, and knew that he would never be prevailed on to join a crowded, noisy, intemperate party ; who, after devoting hours to the excesses of the table, would betray its inflammatory effects in boisterous revelry and extravagant folly ; infringing on the coming day, until it was no day to them, but was consumed in feverish slumbers. Those who desired to enjoy Justinian's company, or even to obtain it, found that they must ask him with a select few or alone, nor attempt to interfere with any of the plans which he strictly adhered to. On those terms he was happy to visit some of his neighbours from time to time, and by degrees he formed such friendships and intimacies with the

congenial few, as were likely to last for ever. But his counsel, his attendance, his solicitude, might be commanded by all who were in distress. He was fully convinced, that austerity, or that species of severity by which some persons imagine they prove their superior sanctity, was in the highest degree injudicious, and tended above all things to place an insuperable bar between really religious persons, and those who would be religious if not positively frightened from it, by the austere reserve and rigid demeanour of many very excellent, but ill-judging, individuals. A gloomy religionist is a libel upon piety! a melancholy wretched aspect, with a sighing, groaning, despairing bosom, bespeaks any thing but a sincere Christian. If there be faith, there must be hope, and unless they are resolved to continue sinners, rejecting the grace promised to the sincere penitent, why should they be miserable? One such

unfortunate person does more harm to real religion, than an hundred open enemies. They erect themselves into a beacon to warn observers against entering the track, which will naturally be supposed to lead to a similar end. The melancholy state of the individual is pronounced to be the *consequence* of religion, which is reviled through him as the *source* of affliction ; nor is it easy to persuade unexperienced persons, that comfort, content, and cheerfulness, are the natural productions of Christian devotion, when they behold such a living instance of the contrary. Could they look into the mind of the self-devoted pietist, they would probably find it habitually depressed from some physical cause,—which, had it not operated thus, would probably have been displayed in apprehensions of some imaginary calamity, or a general distaste of life, and in causeless misanthropy. All these effects alike proceed from an unhealthy

state of mind, and are particularly to be deplored when they oppose the great interest of religion.

To commence an endeavour to allure youthful persons to the path of devotion by telling them, in the *first place*, that they must give up dancing; or to assure elderly persons, that they must remain far from the path which they ought to pursue while they continue the practice of playing cards, even for a trifle, is at once to conjure up two most formidable obstacles out of the most insignificant causes. Permit but a moderate indulgence to the former, and impose but necessary restrictions on the latter, and these individuals will cheerfully, and perhaps ardently, enter into the cause you are pleading, while they might reject it altogether on the interdiction of their favourite pastimes; *before* they are sensible of the value of what is offered to them in exchange. Like the Indian, who will resist every attempt at his conver-

sion, while the first stipulation is the instant destruction of his long-worshipped idol, or his deified snake; but tell him he may keep them, if he will but promise not to *worship* them, and the strongest objection is removed; he will embrace your opinions, which by degrees render him totally indifferent to the objects once so valued, and he voluntarily resigns them: but to begin by violently opposing a rooted prejudice, is to commence where we can only hope to finish.

Justinian hated cards, and to resort to them, when more than trifling sums were hazarded, he thought a flagrant crime in any one, but he considered them a very admissible recreation for the aged, when moderation and temper were preserved. Dancing he believed might be enjoyed with perfect innocence; though that, like every thing else, must be judged of by the heart and mind with which we partake of it.

A depraved heart, and vicious eye, meets evil everywhere, while a pure heart and virtuous eye, perceives no guile, and wonders even at the suggestion, for which it can see no grounds.

It will readily be allowed, that some relaxation is indispensable and salutary to the mind, and if these amusements were abolished, others similar in effect, if not in nature, must be substituted. Nothing can be half so delightful, so really entertaining, as the colloquial intercourse of a certain set of persons suited to each other, but this is confined to the gifted few; the discourse of the many would necessarily be reduced to the transactions of the neighbourhood, and other trifling themes, rather subversive than productive of christian charity, and they had much better be harmlessly amusing themselves with the semblance of an occupation.

Justinian had debated these subjects in his mind, where prejudice held no

sway, and his opinions were the result of the observations he had made in *numerous* parties of various descriptions, which he had had opportunities of frequenting when in London. He had sometimes been admitted to assemblies where those amusements were pertinaciously avoided, and a higher cast of intercourse *professedly* maintained ; such as among half a dozen persons might have been very possible and very charming ; but when attempted amongst a variety of characters, it soon became evident, that it was in *profession* alone they differed essentially from those they might condemn. The same ideas, the same feelings were excited, though the same occupations did not engage them. A spiritual phrase would sometimes make its unexpected appearance in the midst of a gay discussion, and a little startled the ear unused to meet it in such company, where it seemed like a celestial being rudely dragged in to as-

sociate with earthly creatures, and insulted by a communion with such an heterogeneous medley. Justinian had also observed the hilarity of the company suddenly brought to a climax by the singing of psalms and hymns ; which, as a devotional exercise, he admired and delighted in, and frequently rose from his private prayers, and gave vent to the hallowed joy of his heart in a spiritual song of praise and gratitude. But he sung in the same temper of mind that he prayed, with the same images in his thoughts, the same ideas predominant. To see this sacred occupation rushed on in the midst of mirth and revelry, with minds unattuned to divine contemplation ; engaged and diverted by all the trifles incident to the social intercourse of promiscuous company ; to detect, even during the sacred performance, the interchange of looks betraying the subject but the moment before resigned, still occupying the

thoughts ; to hear the most sacred names invoked in a manner that proved they were not remembered, and the subject they related to not felt : all this shocked Justinian's pious feelings, and he condemned it as a vain assumption of that superior sanctity of which it formed no part. " The mind," he would say, " should always be prepared for religious offices. It little matters where they are performed, *so* prefaced. The concave of Heaven ! the walls of a church, or the narrow limits of a private apartment, may witness them in equal purity ; but when we would pray, let us first *think* ; and when we sing psalms let us recollect *what* they relate to ; nor mingle celestial with terrestrial ideas, thus confounding the most opposite impressions."

Justinian had now no longer to complain of a thin congregation, and perhaps no one ever formed discourses more calculated to banish all room for

such complaint; for while much was addressed to the lower classes, and they might clearly interpret the general meaning of the whole, he did not overlook another portion of his hearers, which was considerable, and such as required to be stimulated by something beyond the common strain appropriate to ignorant minds. He did not fall into the opinion, that the superior part of a congregation should be overlooked, because it was formed of members who had access to instruction elsewhere, and who might peruse a more suitable discourse at home; for he considered that it was a question IF they would? and to weary them by an oration, in which they could scarcely feel themselves addressed, was not a likely means of inducing them to revert to the general subject on their return home. Justinian thought that no individuals in society required so much exhortation and such strenuous excitements, to make them think

and feel, as those that are exposed to all the temptations of wealth, luxury, and dissipation. It was necessary to rouse them, and that in no common voice—indeed! no *common* voice could prove effectual. Their hearts would not be touched by common-place simplicity! Every-day expressions could not hold their attention. Their minds must be seized on—their intellects called into action—their hearts brought to the test, and *that* could not be effected by an inanimate repetition of what they might daily hear, and which might be sufficient for those already in the right road, but would never attract wanderers to it. Make but the higher classes what they ought to be, and a similar effect will speedily extend to the lower ranks, so much under the dominion of their superiors, so swayed by their example, so susceptible of their influence. To their torpor and indolence, Justinian ascribed all that was most to be

lamented in the state, or rather the lives of the poor around him. Among that portion of his parishioners, he was now gaining ground rapidly. They began to feel, that he was in truth their friend, and that they could rely on and appeal to him in every emergency. They beheld others too, amongst their superiors, directing an eye of attention towards them ; they were no longer the abject wretched beings that they had been, and felt that they were not wholly without weight in the scale of creation. A few individuals, who had not yet pardoned him for the suppression of the public-houses, pointedly attended a meeting-house in the village, though they were members of the establishment. This they imagined would extremely pique and displease him ; and they were much surprised one Sunday morning, after service, when he stopped at the door of their cottage, and, with a friendly and conciliating

aspect, expressed a hope, that they had attended divine service. They answered with some embarrassment, for they felt a reverential awe in his presence, however disposed to hostility, and said with hesitation, that they had been at meeting. Justinian returned, that he was glad to hear it, as they had not been at church, where he had hoped to have seen them; but that he approved of their going wherever they heard a doctrine most calculated to make them pious Christians, and reflect its influence in their lives. *If* they felt that their minds were more pure, and their actions less blameable, since they had frequented that place of worship, he would advise them by all means to continue to resort there; but, on the other hand, he recommended them to examine closely *if* such, *indeed*, were the real motives that actuated them, and not to suffer any less important consideration to attract them from their mother church. He

knew that poor persons often repaired to meeting-houses, merely because they there obtained better accommodations; they were shewn to a pew, instead of being obliged to sit in the aisle, and their *pride* was thus gratified; for which reason alone they joined a community professing the utmost humility. Others, of a class higher, were swayed by similar motives. They found themselves in a congregation where they become persons of consequence; some importance was attached to them, they bore a part in the internal arrangements of their church affairs—their opinions were consulted, their voices had weight, and they ranked among the superior class; while, in the community they had deserted, they had been totally insignificant. Such are the grand attractions of the meeting-house to persons with little or no education, who, from want of capacity, cannot possibly form a judgment on those nice points, which, admitting of

divers opinions, might lead an enlightened person to dissent from conscientious motives. But the incitement becomes still more apparent, when we observe individuals who, from disapprobation of the presiding preacher, for a time quit the church, or are attracted from it by some accomplished orator, still remain aliens, when those causes have ceased; and submit to endure a succession of officiators of the most inferior class, rather than return to that sanctuary where they are sure that propriety and common sense will never be wounded. The foregoing observations cannot apply to those *not* born nor educated within the pale of the established church; neither are they more applicable to such as are qualified to judge for themselves, but they relate to the large mass of apostates of the lower and middle orders, who, it thus appears, are chiefly actuated by *pride*.

Justinian had not blindly pursued a

faith chalked out for him. He felt that he had a mind so improved as to be capable of selecting for himself, and what he embraced was on the basis of reason and conviction. He had freely visited religious assemblies professedly differing in persuasion. He had listened with patience, liberality, and often with lively approbation, to the language of enlightened men and pious Christians; and though their opinions might not entirely agree with his own, yet as they could not convince him that they were right, he calmly and resolutely persevered in the line from which his understanding would not permit him to deviate; while he continued in as perfect charity with those beyond the pale of his own church, as with those within it. He did not impute the zeal of others to unworthy motives, nor did he admit, that it could be productive of any but good consequences if rightly emulated. "If they are zealous," he would say,

“ let us be *doubly* so ; we then convert them to our use as stimulants to our exertions.” He had embraced the Church of England, because he found it to be the central focus between the fervour of enthusiasm, the gloom of superstition, the frigidity of mere forms, and the tenacity of prejudice, equally removed from each, and diffusing a light which displayed all in their true colours.

CHAPTER III.

THROUGH a letter from Mr. Delaval, Justinian now received the long expected intelligence, that Lady St. Maurice was no more. Mr. Delaval thus alluded to the event.—“ Her unconquerable horror of death increased at its approach to a point that rendered her last moments agonizing beyond conception, and produced a scene so tremendously awful that those who witnessed it, have not yet recovered its effects; my daughter, who was present, has been very unwell ever since. Lord St. Maurice continues in a state of gloom, which we find it impossible to dissipate. Lady St. Maurice was interred in the church adjacent to where she died; a flat stone, with her initials, will alone mark the spot where she lies, and shelter her

ashes from the reflection which her name and title would cast on them; while her place in the family vault will remain untenanted." Mr. Delaval continued, in another part of his letter,—“ I in vain press on Lord St. Maurice the necessity of coming to a final arrangement of his affairs, as I really fear, that the hopes we encouraged of still obtaining the important will are fallacious. I should, therefore, advise a settlement of this business, if you and your brother could be of accord on the subject; but with a characteristic obstinacy, for *such* I must term it, he is inflexible on this point.”

Justinian pondered much on what related to his brother, in Mr. Delaval's letter. He felt the strongest desire to address Lord St. Maurice, to endeavour to wean him from his gloomy meditations—to suggest such ideas, as were calculated to prove consolatory—to offer the sympathy of friendship, and affection; and by a thousand “ pious

frauds," cheat melancholy of its sway. But he felt repelled beyond a possibility of approach, by the long neglect and determined silence of his brother, and by his never having, even through a third person, expressed a single amicable feeling towards him. Nor could such conduct arise from any misunderstanding or fancied offence, for Mr. Delaval being equally a friend to both, would have explained away any false interpretations. "Must I then forbear to write to him," thought Justinian; but when he recollected the lively attachment which his brother, as Clarendon, had evinced for him, and his tenderness at their recognition, he could not resist pouring out his feelings on paper; but his subsequent reflections forbade his dispatching this effusion, for there were stronger reasons than any which wounded affection presented to oppose his desire. His brother, as Lord St. Maurice, was a man of consequence, power, and interest; he had

more than one living in his gift ; the incumbent of the most important was aged, and any advances from Justinian to Lord St. Maurice would admit of inferences which could not be risked ; he therefore must be silent, but it was “ pain and grief to him.” Justinian was independent of any man in regard to his circumstances ; they were extremely comfortable in his present situation, though they would not permit of his changing it for a married life, as more than half his income arose from his fellowship. But matrimony was not at that period within his speculations, though he hoped that the time might come when he should be permitted to enter a state, which, under certain stipulations, he conceived to be the acmé of temporal felicity. He desired neither his brother’s interest nor patronage ; he only coveted his affection, which he could not cultivate without subjecting himself to a suspicion of sinister views. He replied

to Mr. Delaval's letter, without one comment on Lord St. Maurice's behaviour. He acknowledged the great probability that the will would never appear, and recommended the immediate arrangement of the business alluded to, without any reference to himself.

From the uneasy emotions thus excited, and from every painful consideration affecting only himself, Justinian was considerably relieved by his incessant labours in the field of his active duties, while the most pleasurable recreation was afforded him by the occasional society of Miss Rainsworth, which he sought as the greatest indulgence. In her conversation he found a charm superior to that derived from the company of any other of her sex. He had always been listened to with deference, attention, and submission by females in general; and invariable coincidence of opinion, or respectful silence followed his observations, which

neither excited interrogation, nor comment. But Miss Rainsworth attended to him with eager interest, and a desire to hear more : the subject did not drop when he ceased speaking : she would question, expatiate, and excite further discussion ; or, when stimulated by a long pause in the discourse, she could even introduce a new theme, nor leave the whole burden of conversation on her companion. She could not only second a scheme, but propose an amendment—or, if required, project an original plan. She was not the shadow, the counterpart, the echo, even of those whom she most esteemed. She delighted to agree with them, but *could* dissent, when her reason questioned what they advanced : her mental efforts all bore a character of vigour, animation, and enterprize ; and she thought nothing beyond her reach which industry or application could obtain—in short, she was all soul, intelligence, and activity. Justinian keenly per-

ceived it, and sometimes recalling the image of Laura Delaval, he acknowledged, that had she in some important respects resembled Miss Rainsworth, he could not have relinquished her so philosophically.

Miss Rainsworth rarely spoke of her father, and when she did allude to him, a suppressed sigh always agitated her bosom.

Justinian had evaded visiting Mr. Rainsworth, but by a conciliating deportment, whenever they met, he contrived to keep on speaking-terms ; which he was anxious to do in furtherance of a design he had in contemplation. He only waited the opportunity ; in the meantime, he received the following letter from Miss Rainsworth :

“ My dear Sir,

I venture to write to you on a subject which I find it impossible to speak of.—To you, who have so nice a conception of what the tender ties of

consanguinity exact, and who can so forcibly delineate all that they effect, and all that they entail, the natural feelings of a child towards a parent, must be perfectly revealed, and no excuse appears necessary for the most fervent instances in behalf of the first connection in life.

I have been informed, that your discourse yesterday morning was of a description to make the strongest impression in favour of natural affection and relative duties. I have also learnt, that there were *those* present to whom it was peculiarly applicable.

Can there be a more favourable moment, while its influence may still operate, to endeavour to strengthen and confirm it, by a private exercise of the eloquence you are so truly master of?—The opportunity would not be denied you, your design being unsuspected.

I have long meditated imploring your active solicitude in favour of a

soul not less precious to me than my own—and I am persuaded, that you must have such an object at heart.

With the highest deference and respect,

I remain,

Your obliged friend,

ALTHEA RAINSWORTH."

Justinian returned this answer—

" My dear Madam,

The measure which you have, with so much propriety suggested, has long been contemplated by me, and only deferred during a period in which I have endeavoured, by indirect means, to lay a foundation for future success. So much depends on the prevailing temper of the mind, and the state of the feelings, when we attempt such delicate operations, that it is only by studying the occasion that we can hope to prove successful. An ill-timed interference of this nature defeats its own purpose, and leaves us more to do than ever—where we sought to awaken

remorse, we may only have excited disgust against ourselves, and consequent dislike of the cause we advocate, and thus have raised obstacles in our way scarcely to be surmounted. There is but one line to be chosen in regard to guilt; but there are many to be consulted respecting the guilty. The stronger our abhorrence of crime, the deeper must be our solicitude for the criminal, and the more urgent our endeavours to reclaim him. To determine on the most efficacious means of promoting our design is a most difficult point, when we are wholly unacquainted with the intricacies of the heart we have to work on. Be assured, my dear Madam, that no opportunity shall be neglected, which presents a chance of a favourable issue; and that the object which so deeply concerns you will be ever uppermost in my mind; neither shall any rebuff or discouragement shake my purpose, which, through Divine assistance, I trust will

be ultimately effected, though time and perseverance may be instrumental to its completion.

Believe me, with the liveliest sentiments of esteem and veneration,

Your obliged and faithful Servant,

JUSTINIAN LANSDOWNE."

Justinian met Mr. Rainsworth more than once in the course of the ensuing week, and always accosted him in a manner that persuaded Mr. Rainsworth of his friendly disposition, and induced him to determine on inviting Justinian to his house; for being deserted by all persons of respectability, he was anxious to obtain a companion who would do him credit. He began to hope that Lansdowne might in one particular resemble his predecessor, and be induced to frequent Rainsworth-hall for the sake of the good cheer to be found there. The following Sabbath, after church he waited for him

in the church-yard, and accosting him with great cordiality, begged he would name a day for dining at the Hall.—Justinian met him with corresponding friendliness of manner, but to the invitation he did not immediately reply. His aspect became sorrowful, and drawing Mr. Rainsworth from the pathway, he, with the utmost delicacy and feeling, explained the cause which kept him a stranger to Rainsworth-hall, and which, while it existed, must banish him from thence, unless summoned there by duty. “As your spiritual adviser,” continued Justinian, “I should repair thither with great pleasure.”

Mr. Rainsworth’s astonishment was only evident in his morose silence; Justinian was not to be deterred from seizing that opportunity of endeavouring to make an impression on his auditor, and he addressed him with that pathetic earnestness, which must have reached any heart susceptible of

one virtuous emotion. While speaking, Justinian apparently without design, had approached the tomb of the late Mrs. Rainsworth, and he stood beside it while conjuring Mr. Rainsworth to think seriously ; and pursuing his theme, he said, laying his hand solemnly on the stone—" When we consider how soon we may be committed to this last tenement—how speedily our frames will moulder, together with those once dear forms, whose earlier fate we have mourned, and who, if we have done our duty by them, may appear in our favour, or otherwise rise up in awful judgment against us ; is it not insanity to shun reflection, and rashly—"

He was proceeding when he perceived an extraordinary change in Mr. Rainsworth's countenance. It became perfectly livid, while his eyes were riveted on the tomb with an expression of horror—but suddenly recollecting

himself, he looked around him with some wildness—pronounced a hurried good morning, and hastened from the spot. He certainly would not have remained to hear so much, had he not wished to say something on his part, to convince Justinian how presumptuous he thought him in attempting to catechise a person of his years and consequence. But Mr. Rainsworth had been unable to form his lips for speech, or to find words to oppose the torrent of his opponent's eloquence: for there was such solemn fervour, such impressive earnestness in Justinian's manner, as well as in his words, that his hearer could not resist them. Their influence was apparent in the emotion betrayed by Mr. Rainsworth at the tomb of his wife—it was the sepulchre which he should also occupy sooner or later, and thus the effect Justinian had anticipated in drawing him to that spot was produced.

Justinian continued reclining against the tomb for some time, reflecting how much more he might have said—then slowly returned homeward, hoping that he had not lived that hour in vain.



CHAPTER IV.

JUSTINIAN visited Miss Rainsworth as usual, but did not inform her of the interview he had had with her father, as he knew not what impression it might produce ; neither was any allusion made to the letters that had passed between them.

Justinian did not meet Mr. Rainsworth again for some time, though he caught sight of him repeatedly at a distance, and observed that he always contrived to avoid an encounter ; neither did he appear at church for several Sundays. At length he chanced to visit his daughter when Justinian was at her cottage. It was the first time they had ever met in that place, and the moment Mr. Rainsworth perceived him, he drew back, told Althea he had not time to stay a moment, and im-

mediately departed. She looked extremely mortified and distressed, but not appearing to observe it, Justinian took his leave, and hastened to overtake Mr. Rainsworth, whom he accosted with an expression of regret at being the cause of hurrying him from Miss Rainsworth's abode: and added how sincerely he lamented that the conversation which had passed at their last interview, should have excited Mr. Rainsworth's displeasure or led to a misinterpretation of the friendly motives which had given rise to what had then occurred. Mr. Rainsworth was unprepared for so conciliating an address, instead of the indignant deportment which he thought to provoke, and he could not behave quite as rudely as he wished, but sullenly replied, that he did not desire to hear any thing upon the subject. Justinian further temporized, and at length so far penetrated his companion's moodi-

ness as to induce him to speak freely what follows :—

“ Well ! after all that you have now said, I am willing to allow that your intention may have been friendly—but I don’t desire that you should take any trouble about my conscience—you have no business with it that I can see ; so your’s is mistaken zeal, to say the best of it. I am a very good man as far as I know—I never defraud any body, I give to charities far and near ; and pray who has any concern with my domestic arrangements, or my disputes with worthless neighbours ? It can’t affect *you* to be sure, and why should you interfere ? Go to Heaven your own way, Sir, and let me alone—I dare say I shall get there quite as soon, though I don’t take so much superfluous trouble about it. I tell you Sir, you are like those Scribes and Pharisees you tell us so much about ; you are “ righteous over much, and it is very troublesome and disagreeable.”

Justinian did not interrupt him, in order to prove how exactly he (Mr. R.) was exemplifying the character alluded to, but suffered him to proceed—"And I must say, Sir," continued Mr. Rainsworth, "that I can't think so favourably of your understanding as I was once inclined to, since you have taken to talking to me in this kind of strain; it does very well for a canting groaning methodist, but it won't do with a man who has any spirit in him. You may indulge yourself in it as much as you please at my daughter's house; she, and her mother before her, were always very fond of parsons and churches, and praying, and all that kind of thing—everlastingly tormenting me about religion, either directly or indirectly, always trying to steal it in upon one.—It is not *newly* come to her, Mr. Lausdowne, I would not have *you* think so; she was just as fond of it before all this fuss was made about a new parson and fine preaching."

Justinian coloured, while Mr. Rainsworth continued—

“ She was always, I say, of that *turn*, Sir; there is no *conversion* wrought upon her. There is not a young woman in the kingdom who has more proper ideas on those subjects, or who is more attentive to her religious duties. Her unaffected piety is a pattern for every one, I can assure you, Sir, though she *be* my daughter.”

Justinian declared a similar conviction, while he inwardly smiled at the pride with which Mr. Rainsworth asserted his daughter's claim to a distinction, which, but the moment before, he had affected to despise. He walked with him a considerable distance, smiling off his attacks, and never losing sight of his own object, that of laying a foundation for a future better understanding. As he quitted him, Justinian said he hoped he should have the satisfaction of

seeing Mr. Rainsworth at church again. The latter replied, " Perhaps you may, or perhaps you may *not*." But he did not refuse to shake hands.

On reflecting on the self-complacency of this dissolute man, Justinian questioned whether the conversion of *Tawtongo* himself, in the zenith of his savage barbarity, would not have been an easier task than that of this *professed* Christian. However, Mr. Rainsworth was once more seen at church, and sometimes held an extorted conversation with Lansdowne, but always avoided him when he could. A book which Justinian had sent him as a present, with an appropriate letter, he returned, though with a civil message, importing that he was obliged, but the book was of no use to him, as he never read those kind of publications. He retained the letter, and Justinian hoped he might be induced to re-peruse it. An op-

portunity had occurred which Justinian had seized to inform Mrs. Selwyn of the result of his repeated interviews with Mr. Rainsworth, which he requested she would repeat to Althea, assuring her that he was not without a hope of ultimately making a favourable impression.

The shortened days of early winter had succeeded to the season when evening walks are thought attractive, yet Justinian was not less often seen at Althea's cottage. The cold, the dark, or rainy weather, had neither gloom nor dreariness for him; he felt no inconvenience from it; the way was never tedious. The animated welcome, the social fire side, the cheerful conversation, the useful or refined employments, to which his presence proved no interruption, all combined to form a scene so perfectly congenial to his taste, that to him it was the sweetest recreation. It was true, he never traversed any other

road so frequently, merely in pursuit of the pleasures of society; but there were advantages mingled with this pleasure, which rendered it far from profitless, either to him, or to those he conversed with. If they read, it was subsequently to comment. Sacred works were often perused, though the readings were by no means confined to them: such chosen productions as could afford knowledge, enlighten the understanding, or improve the taste, were frequently selected;—music, and singing—in the latter of which talents, Justinian and Althea excelled—sometimes varied the hour.

Returning one night through mists, and clouds, and darkness, Justinian surprised himself mentally repeating these lines:—

“ She was a form of light and life,
That seen became a part of sight,
And rose where’er I cast mine eye,
The morning star of memory.”

This “ morning star” lighted him all

the way home, and by its beams he discovered, that had all the wealth and distinction which the heir of St. Maurice was entitled to devolved upon him, it was Althea only whom he would have solicited to share it with him; she was all that his mind desired, admired, and approved of, in woman; but under his present circumstances he was forbidden to think of her except as a friend, though her character was every way calculated to meet his views, and promote his wishes, in a nearer alliance. But he had only penury to offer her, and she, on her part, was dependent on a father, who would be glad of a pretext for wholly casting her off. Yet without reference to these considerations, Justinian thought he had no reason to flatter himself, that there was a prospect of his being well received. Indeed, he deemed it so entirely out of the question, that he would not dwell on the idea for a moment.

CHAPTER V.

A PAINFUL trial was now approaching, but one from which he did not shrink: he had long been prepared for it, but feelings were awakened in his heart which rendered the task still more distressing than it might once have proved.

The deeply interesting festival of Christmas was now nearly arrived: Justinian had long since been informed, that Mr. Rainsworth at that season annually joined in the most hallowed institution which was to be commemorated, though his life was a public outrage to every qualification *specifically* required for his admission at that sacred table, and from which he invariably returned to pursue the same vicious course.

Justinian, from the time he had

commenced his ministry, had been so active in his exertions to fit persons for attending this monthly solemnity, that he had been the means of reconciling many bitter enemies, and of inducing others to adopt such a course of life as secured them from exclusion. Mr. Rainsworth boldly announced to him his intention, and with an air that indicated a persuasion, that Justinian, who had professed so much interest for his spiritual welfare, must approve so pious a design. Lansdowne received the communication in silence, but his aspect denoted commiseration and regret. He returned home immediately, and addressed a letter to Mr. Rainsworth, calculated to make the strongest impression; but, while the language was the most conciliating, and even affectionate, it plainly indicated that, until the indispensable change which it so fervently urged had taken place in Mr. Rainsworth's life, he must not partake of an

ordinance which unequivocally stipulated a full purpose of amendment, repentance, and newness of life.

The receipt of this letter produced a visit from Mr. Rainsworth to Justinian, when a scene ensued of the most distressing nature to the latter, who, notwithstanding Mr. Rainsworth's furious rage, reproach, and even personal abuse, continued gentle and persuasive, but *inflexible*. Mr. Rainsworth threatened a representation of the case to the bishop of the diocese. Justinian calmly replied that he would abide by the result. Mr. Rainsworth then inveighed against the presumption and audacity of treating a man of his power and consequence like a common peasant, and prescribing the same rules in regard to him, as were exercised towards the ignorant villagers. The justice and propriety of such a system, he would not admit, and left Justinian, as he

denounced vengeance against him, and open defiance.

However, on cooler reflection, Mr. Rainsworth was convinced, that Justinian's resolution could not be questioned—the decision of his character forbade such a hope, and Mr. Rainsworth was not at church on Christmas day. He brooded deeply on the possibility of injuring Justinian by a representation of the transaction ; but he thought it very improbable, that he should gain redress, as the flagrancy of his own conduct must be brought into so conspicuous a light : he therefore relinquished all public notice of the affair, but resolved to persecute and torment Justinian in every way within his power.

Lansdowne had suffered much from the painful necessity imposed on him, and he was grieved at being obliged to adopt such measures towards any individual ; and in this particular case his regret was augmented, by the re-

collection of Mr. Rainsworth's virtuous daughter, on whom such pain must be inflicted should the circumstance become known to her. Justinian had no intention of mentioning it; but how Mr. Rainsworth would think proper to proceed he was yet to learn. This in some degree was speedily evinced by a determined hostility, apparent in every trifling incident where Mr. Rainsworth had the power of thwarting or obstructing Justinian's beneficial schemes; but these ill effects Lansdowne hoped to overcome by persevering activity. He had absented himself much longer than usual from Miss Rainsworth's cottage — for he knew not how she might feel, or be constrained to act towards him; but this mortification he would not longer endure, and had besides a fair pretext for appearing at her residence, as her brothers were now at home for the holydays, and on their account he wished to see Althea.

Previous to their arrival she had expressed her anxiety respecting their religious principles, so often neglected in a public education, and Justinian had entreated that the youths might come to him for an hour or two every day, when he would with the greatest pleasure afford them any instruction in his power. Althea had been scrupulous in accepting this kind offer, which Justinian now wished to repeat, and with a foreboding heart he repaired to her cottage.

He sent in his name, waiting for permission to enter, which was immediately granted, and Althea met him with an extended hand and most friendly welcome ; but her countenance was agitated, and her manner perturbed, though she endeavoured to assume an appearance of composure. She presented her brothers, whom Justinian addressed, affording her leisure to recover herself. When he again looked at her, he observed an

expression of sadness on her features, which were marked by the lines of painful reflection ; her eyes betrayed that she had wept recently, and she spoke in a dejected tone, though on indifferent subjects. That her mind was engrossed by some distressing contemplation was fully apparent by her demeanor, and Justinian instantly partook in the pain it occasioned.

He perceived the intelligent countenances of the youths marked with concern when they looked at their sister, feeling the influence of her unusual gravity. Justinian warmly pressed on them his invitation, urging the necessity of their devoting some portion of their time to the subjects on which he should be so happy to enlighten them. They looked at Althea, who immediately expressed her gratitude for the proposal, by which she seemed deeply affected, but declared that she could not permit a trespass of such a nature on time so invaluable.

But Justinian would receive no denial, and observed that nothing short of *parental* authority should induce him to relinquish his purpose. The allusion to *parental authority* was fully understood by Althea, whose eyes were instantly cast down and her cheek flushed, and Justinian was convinced, that she was acquainted with what had *passed between him and Mr. Rainsworth*. She immediately observed, that no obstacle to his kind intentions was to be apprehended from *that* quarter. Justinian was a little surprised: he had dreaded that some interference on Mr. Rainsworth's part had obliged his sons to decline the instruction proffered to them; but that not being the case, he overruled all objections, and Althea at length consented, that her brothers should attend him the next morning. They soon after left the room, and Justinian, finding himself alone with Althea, became extremely anxious to ascertain whether she ap-

proved of the very decisive manner in which he had recently acted in regard to her father. A painful silence of some moments ensued, while each was meditating how to express what they felt called on to say. At length Justinian observed—

“ There are occasions when the line of imperative duty cannot be adhered to *without much anguish to ourselves!* but it is ever lightened by an assurance, that we have not incurred the disapprobation of those whose esteem we most value ; could I be certain that—”

He hesitated — and Althea, fully comprehending what he would have said, immediately rejoined, with much energy—

“ You have done your duty—merely done your duty—*you* could not have acted otherwise. But Oh ! Mr. Lansdowne, a painful, most painful sacrifice is demanded on my part.”—Her voice faltered, she hesitated a moment, and

then proceeded in a low and hurried accent—

“ The high gratification, instruction, and, I trust improvement, which I have derived from your society have rendered it to me most valuable, and——Oh ! you know not with what sorrow I express it—I am required to relinquish it.”

Tears suffused her eyes, but she succeeded in suppressing them. Justinian arose, and taking her hand with fraternal tenderness, as he looked at her with deep concern, he returned—

“ Your gentle heart feels for the wound you are compelled to inflict on mine—I acknowledge it *is* a severe one. The sweetest recreation I ever enjoyed has been in your society, Miss Rainsworth ; and in losing it, I submit to a deprivation which can never be compensated. But I feel the necessity for such submission ; and while I retain the most lively remembrance of

all that I owe to your friendly hospitality, I am still more penetrated with a sense of obligation for the delicacy and feeling with which you have hinted to me the necessity of its cessation."

As he ceased speaking he made a movement to retire, when Althea exclaimed, with difficulty commanding her voice—

"But I cannot suffer my brothers to intrude upon you *now*."

"*Now* more than ever," repeated Justinian, "I shall through them at least have the satisfaction of——" he checked himself and did not conclude the sentence, but added, "And tell me, tell me, most esteemed friend, though exiled from the chosen venerated spot, may I not, when we meet elsewhere, venture to address you?"

"Oh! certainly, *certainly*," replied Althea, "revered as my pastor, my instructor, my guide, who shall forbid

me to treat you with the respect so wholly your due ?”

She hastily turned from him to conceal the emotion she could no longer command, and Justinian as rapidly retired, not less affected.

CHAPTER VI.

THE acute anguish which Lansdowne experienced astonished him as much as it distressed him; he had long been conscious of the charm of Althea's society, but he had not imagined, that he should have suffered so much in being deprived of it.

The painful part which she had been called on to act had been imposed on her by her father, who had visited her purposely to inform her of the *insult* which her favorite friend (for so he expressed himself) had offered him, and which he requested her to resent by forbidding Mr. Lansdowne's visits. He even stipulated at first, that she should relinquish going to church; but finding her inflexible on that point, as she considered this duty beyond the influence of parental authority, he

found it unavailing to oppose her. She endeavoured to soften him towards Justinian by every means in her power, and dwelt much upon his kind intention in favour of her brothers, when Mr. Rainsworth had the meanness to observe, that if Mr. Lansdowne had a mind to teach the boys for his own amusement, he should offer no objection, as it would bring them on in the classics, (to which Mr. Rainsworth supposed the instruction would be confined,) and allow them to dispense with Greek and Latin masters for the next half year.

Thus willing was he, from a sordid motive, to owe an obligation to the man whom he most desired to injure ; and to arrange that matter, he allowed his daughter to receive Mr. Lansdowne once more, but with a proviso that it should be the *last* visit.

She candidly told him, that to avoid all social intercourse with Mr. Lansdowne when they accidentally

met was out of her power, as many of her most important duties, which involved the concerns of others, rendered it necessary.

Mr. Rainsworth was for some time very violent on this point, but his fury evaporated in railing and reproaches, and he left his daughter without having enforced half that he meditated, feeling the influence of that irresistible respect which she commanded even from him. But he had exacted enough to render her extremely unhappy, and a brilliant charm of existence was destroyed. Althea had never before met a being so perfectly agreeing with her ideas of what man ought to be as was Justinian; and to be so roughly severed from one to whom she was so closely knit by sympathy, seemed like an outrage to some tie of nature, which must be destroyed by this separation.

Althea experienced for Justinian a sentiment in no respect inferior to that

she had inspired in his heart. That minds so formed to assimilate should tend to such an issue, the reader must have anticipated; for it seems scarcely possible, that individuals so congenial to each other, should meet without forming a fervent and unalterable attachment. Under circumstances that must have forbidden its assuming a tender or impassioned character, it would have settled in solid friendship; but, unchecked by insurmountable obstacles, it ripened into love.

The path which Justinian had never thought dreary in the gloom of a rainy night, he now found melancholy in the extreme, though illumined by an unclouded sun; and with a dejected air, he retraced his steps homeward.

But that bane—idleness! did not augment every uneasy impression; he was called on for exertions which he never relaxed; and though they might not be made with so cheerful a spirit, they still *were* made, and most effec-

usually. An accurate observer might have perceived a variation in his aspect: the eager look, full of the welfare of others—the inviting urbanity—the cheering address—the solicitous accent—these were all characteristic of Justinian's manner; but now, though their operations were the same, a shade of dejection might be detected, which bespoke secret uneasiness. His voice often sunk to a tone of melancholy, and a cast of absence for an instant would hang on his brow, but it was as rapidly shaken off.

He now sometimes found himself calculating the amount of his little property, independent of his fellowship, and thinking with how *little he* could be content if he could only share it with a beloved object. Then he would bitterly reproach himself for admitting such ideas, and with presumption and selfishness, nay with unpardonable folly, for allowing his mind to waste its powers in such unprofitable dreams.

Yet he must be acquitted of any thing irrational, in his present predilection ; how did it vary from the transient fancy Laura Delaval had inspired in his breast. The attachment he now experienced was built on a foundation that could never be shaken ; it was not an election only of the heart, but of the *mind*, and was justified by every attraction which could induce esteem, veneration, and love.

In instructing the brothers of Althea, he felt infinite gratification : they were intelligent and tractable, and soon became so attached to him, as ever to leave him with reluctance. Their studies over, he would permit them to continue his companions in his active pursuits, and thereby they imbibed his principles, his opinions, and his manners to their very great advantage. From them Justinian heard every day of their sister's welfare, and he saw her always at church, but had seldom an opportunity of speaking to her on

coming out, as he was most frequently detained. Althea could now be permitted the indulgence of going twice a day, as the hours between services were devoted to charitable visits, which, in the improved state of the village, could be paid with propriety; and she was thus spared the fatigue of retracing her way so often, which must otherwise have proscribed her devotions. Justinian never attended her in these visits; Mrs. Selwyn and her sister were her constant companions, but Justinian would not interfere by his presence with any of her designs.

Mr. Rainsworth had repeatedly caught sight of his sons in company with Mr. Lansdowne, but always affected not to see them; nor did it appear, that his rancour towards Justinian had in any degree abated, as he never lost an opportunity of displaying its continuance. But Justinian never felt its effects so keenly as when sit-

ting down for the evening by his solitary fire-side, he thought of the delightful manner in which he had sometimes been permitted to spend those social hours. He would cast a mournful glance upon his little tea-board, and its *single* cup, and then feel ashamed of the loneliness of his sensations, and take his book and spread it open before him. But still his eyes would occasionally wander, as he was forcibly struck with some passage which he longed to read aloud to one who could as keenly appreciate its beauties. Then he would deeply sigh as he reflected, that he was deprived, perhaps for ever, of the society of the two beings dearest to him on earth—Althea and his brother—but confident that it was for some good purpose, he strove to banish discontent. He knew that he should, in the course of the ensuing week, frequently see Althea, for it was her turn to attend at the

school; but after that period, his young pupils would have left him, as their holydays would be expired, and he should not then have the satisfaction of even hearing of Althea.



CHAPTER VII.

ALTHEA had felt no less severely than Justinian the blanks that were made in her domestic pleasures: her deprivations, all arising from the same source, were manifold. She had questions to ask, instruction to seek, propositions to suggest; but she had lost her grand source of satisfactory information on every difficult point, and each day but rendered her the more sensible of all that she had to deplore.

During her attendance at the school she had many opportunities of conversing with Justinian relative to the business they were both engaged in, to which their discourse was confined, excepting when Althea expressed her lively sense of what she owed Mr. Lansdowne on her brothers' account. But he fancied that her manner to-

wards him was *studiously* rather than *genuinely* friendly, and he was not satisfied with it though he could not say in what respect it displeased him. She, on the other hand, imagined an embarrassment in his demeanor; and both were grave and thoughtful, instead of cheerful and communicative as usual.

The offices of the week were nearly terminated, and they were attending to the examination of a little child with whose progress they were exceedingly pleased, when, to their mutual astonishment, Mr. Rainsworth entered the school room, which he had never before visited. His daughter immediately stepped forward to meet him, and expressed her satisfaction at seeing him there; observing that he had come at a very interesting moment. Justinian bowed gravely as Mr. Rainsworth passed him, to which the latter returned a surly nod, and then went round the apartment, find-

ing fault with every thing that met his eye, though all was in the highest order. He declared that the institution never could come to any thing; that it was just throwing money away; and that he was determined never to give another sixpence towards supporting it. Justinian heard all that he said, but continued inflexibly silent. Althea's extreme distress was vividly painted on her countenance, and she warmly assured her father, that if he were aware of the whole internal economy of the institution he could not but approve of it. She owned that her disappointment was equal to her surprise that it should strike him as it did. Endeavouring to avoid her, he returned sullenly—

“ I know well enough you are always taken with these sort of things, but *I* am not to be imposed upon.”

Althea resumed the office she had been engaged in at her father's entrance, but was so much disturbed,

that she could with difficulty pursue it. Justinian had rarely felt a more painful emotion than he did at that moment, and wholly on Althea's account; had she been absent, Mr. Rainsworth's conduct would rather have excited mirth than indignation, as it was so plainly intended to annoy the grand promoter of all that he was condemning. Mr. Rainsworth continued for some time prowling round and round the room, growling forth his invariable disapprobation: at length he espied his two sons, who had been there all the time, but had kept aloof, and were standing at a little distance behind Justinian.

“What are *you* doing here?” cried Mr. Rainsworth, “you are always idling your time away about this village. You get no good here at all that I know of. You had much better stay at home altogether.”

Althea turned very pale, and for the first time complained of the closeness

of the place, and sought the air, accompanied by Mrs. Selwyn, but she soon recovered and reappeared. Still Mr. Rainsworth lingered, and Justinian observed, that he passed round him several times as if desirous of speaking, but at a loss how to express himself. Justinian looked full at him to afford him the opportunity, but this had not the designed effect; for Mr. Rainsworth wanted to accost Lansdowne in a rude and rough manner, yet found it impossible to do so, so strong was the deference and awe which the latter inspired. At length, with many awkward movements, and in a hurried thick voice, Mr. Rainsworth said—

“ Mr. Lansdowne, I should be glad to speak to you when you are at leisure.”

• “ In half an hour, Sir, I shall be quite at your service,”—returned Justinian mildly.

“ It will be very inconvenient to me

to wait so long,"—rejoined Mr. Rainsworth.

" I am sorry for it, Sir,"—said Justinian,—“ but the duty I am engaged in must detain me that time.”

" I should think you might be spared with all these people about," observed Mr. Rainsworth, " I am sure the old adage of too many cooks will apply *here*."

" Nobody is idle ; your son has just been catechizing that little boy," returned Justinian.

Mr. Rainsworth said no more, but seated himself on one of the vacant benches, where he remained with a countenance varying to every species of ill-humour, either feigned or real, and knocking his boots with his horse-whip till the school broke up. Althea and her companions had retired shortly before,—and she, indeed, in great perturbation ; for on what account her father could seek to communicate with

Mr. Lansdowne she could not imagine, but apprehended that it was only to insult him.

Justinian invited Mr. Rainsworth to enter the humble dwelling he still called his home ; and, to his surprise, the invitation was accepted,—but it seemed more to gain time for arranging what he wished to say than from any conciliatory motive on Mr. Rainsworth's part, and he spoke at last with a very awkward demeanor, saying—

“ I tell you what, Mr. Lansdowne, I don't like my sons to be kept so much from home ; so it is my opinion, that if you choose to teach them any thing, you had better go to them.”

Justinian was, indeed, amazed at so unexpected a proposal, nor did the insolence of dictating to him a measure which must consume so large a portion of his time, so much surprise him, as being thus *directed* by Mr. Rainsworth to repair to the residence of his daughter. But however attractive was the

prospect of revisiting that abode, neither his general pursuits, nor the respect he owed himself, would permit him for a moment to think of it, and he replied—

“ I feel great pleasure, Sir, in affording your sons any instruction in my power to bestow, while they have leisure to *seek* it. They are most promising youths, and I gladly devote a small portion of my time to them ; but the measure you propose is entirely out of the question.”

“ Well, Sir,” quickly retorted Mr. Rainsworth, with a resentful air, which Justinian thought more assumed than genuine, “ Well, Sir, do as you please, I can only say, *all* my children do as they like. I never interfere with them. If you choose to go and see *them*, I don’t care about it, nor any thing that may come of it. I shall not *object* ; only *mind*, Mr. Lansdowne, they have *nothing* to expect from me if they choose to please themselves. As to

you and *I*, we never can be friends after the scandalous manner in which you have treated me ; but that makes no difference, there are some of my children who would be just as happy if they were never to see me ; so *they* may please their own fancy."

Justinian felt extremely confused. What could he infer from Mr. Rainsworth's words? They seemed intended indirectly to apprise him, that if he had any pretensions to Althea, Mr. Rainsworth would not oppose them ; and that he permitted of his revisiting her.

Now, indeed ! Justinian was at a loss ; but his embarrassment was speedily terminated by Mr. Rainsworth's abrupt departure. The latter repeated as he left the room—" *mind* Mr. Lansdowne, you have *nothing* to *expect* from me but a mere negative part."

Justinian was thrown into extraordinary perturbation. What could have caused Mr. Rainsworth to form the

opinion which he had evidently embraced, that an attachment existed between Althea and him, Justinian could not imagine, nor what could induce him passively to approve of it. That he had paid this visit for no other purpose than to reveal these sentiments was quite apparent, though he had made a pretext concerning his sons, to colour his design; and it now occurred to Justinian, that he had entirely overlooked the near termination of the vacation. On revolving the whole scene, Justinian could only conclude, that Mr. Rainsworth wished his daughter to espouse a person to whom he was professedly hostile, in order that he might have a plea for casting her off entirely.

“ But,” thought Justinian, “ what right have I to aspire to Miss Rainsworth?” The mere suggestion seemed to him the height of presumption, under his circumstances.

But he was permitted to revisit her,

and might he not allow himself that great indulgence? He could find no insurmountable objection to suffering inclination to have sway in this instance, and great was the delight this decision excited. But Althea,—what would she think of his repairing to her cottage after what had passed, unless she was prepared to expect him?—and how should he apprise her of the permission he had obtained, without revealing the strange purport of the words in which it had been conveyed? He would write a guarded note to Miss Rainsworth, and perhaps he might be admitted the ensuing day; but she had been evidently much distressed that morning, and was doubtless in great anxiety to know for what purpose her father could have demanded a parley with one whom he was wont so pointedly to avoid; and should he permit her to continue a prey to uneasiness, which he had the power of

removing? Oh! no,—he would write immediately.”

His frugal meal was set before him, to the interruption of his rapid determination, but it did not detain him many minutes, when he penned the following lines—

“Will Miss Rainsworth suffer the intrusion of him who has so often trespassed on her hospitality? Her permission alone is required to sanction the indulgence he has been *authorized* to solicit; and will she forgive the impatience which thus actuates the immediate importunity of

Her faithful friend,

JUSTINIAN LANSDOWNE.”

These hasty lines were but the work of a minute; their purport plainly betrayed that Justinian intended to be their bearer; yet he looked out at the weather, thought that it was too bad to send any messenger forth; and thus,

finding an excuse for his own alacrity on this occasion, he took his great-coat and umbrella, and set off with the step of hilarity, in sleet, storm, and darkness, for the abode of his beloved friend.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHEA had passed some most uneasy hours.—Day had closed, but she did not order lights:—her brothers and sister were in another apartment getting tasks for the next day, and Mrs. Selwyn was dozing in a chair opposite to Althea, who sat pensively by the fire light, shuddering at the sound of the tempest without, and sighing for those who were exposed to it. She reproached herself for not feeling sufficiently grateful for the comforts around her, but her heart was heavy, and she could not but feel joyless.—Tears escaped her eyes;—she brushed them off, yet others would succeed. From what impression did they rise?—Sprang they from the remembrance of a tender mother, loved and lost? “Oh! yes,” thought Althea, “it is

for the intercourse of a soul in unison with mine, and such was my mother's." But in an instant the thought that would deceive even itself, was fixed upon Justinian;—he whose invaluable society could supply every wish, but which she was no longer permitted to enjoy. Her tears unconsciously redoubled, when she was startled by a light footstep on the gravel path approaching the house. It was a sound familiar to her ear; her heart bore witness to it:—but no, she must be deceived;—yet who, in such an hour, and in such a night.—A gentle single rap at the house door dissipated the idea that had agitated her, yet she promptly rung the bell, lest any one should be left exposed to the weather. But the activity of the domestic almost met her wishes, and the next moment a note was presented. Althea gave a hasty order, that the bearer might be hospitably treated, as she opened the note; then holding it

to the fire light, she perused the contents with a degree of agitation beyond controul.

“ And who brought this?” she demanded, hastily running towards the door. At that moment she heard Mrs. Selwyn, who had been waked by this little bustle, and had left the room to ascertain that the stranger was kindly received, exclaiming, “ Mr. Lansdowne! is it possible?—and in such a night:—but most welcome, indeed, at any time.”

Althea’s greetings were certainly not less animated, and Justinian found himself once more seated by the dear fire-side, in a perturbation of pleasure and happiness that was by no means confined to him.

The children soon surrounded him, uttering joyful exclamations; and such was the general delight, that the scene resembled the return of a most dear relation, after a tedious absence, to an adoring family. Justinian spent

an evening which repaid him for all the uneasiness he had lately suffered, while it more than ever enhanced the value of Althea's society. He seized an opportunity of informing her, aside, that his interview with Mr. Rainsworth concerned her brothers, and that, in the course of the conversation, he had obtained permission to revisit her cottage.

Althea was satisfied with this communication, but wholly at a loss to account for her father's conduct:—however, the result was so conformable to her wishes, that she dwelt on *that* alone.

Early the next morning, she received a visit from Mr. Rainsworth. She was not surprised to see him, as she concluded he was come to make arrangements for the departure of her brothers, which was fixed for the ensuing Monday;—it was now Saturday. What then was her amazement, when he informed her, that he did not

intend sending the boys to school for the next half year.

She expressed her regret at such a determination, and represented the disadvantage her brothers must labour under, as they could not think of presuming on Mr. Lansdowne's kindness for a longer period. Mr. Rainsworth said he thought it no presumption at all. He had given that gentleman permission to visit her, and he thought that sufficient return for any fancied obligation, and he had no doubt, that she and he together, could contrive to educate the boys well enough. "But *mind*," he added, rising to go, "whatever may come of it, you have nothing to expect from me—only I shall not interfere."

With these words Mr. Rainsworth left his daughter in as much amazement as Justinian had experienced the preceding day, and in much greater embarrassment; but on reflection she

penetrated his plan, which we shall here explain.

The first fury of his resentment against Justinian had led him to constrain Althea to banish him from her society, which Mr. Rainsworth subsequently regretted, not on their account, but on his own. It had always struck him that they were likely to form an attachment. Althea had rejected some suitors whom *he* would have approved; and he had sufficient penetration to discover, that Lansdowne was calculated to succeed with her, and to apprehend, that if *he* did not, there would be very little chance of her changing her situation, which he much desired, in order that he might be relieved from the expenses attending her establishment. Could she be tempted to marry a person obnoxious to him, he should have a fair pretext for withholding the portion she might otherwise justly expect. But he knew her too well to

believe, that she would form an union from which he withheld his consent; nor did he think Justinian would venture to address her; Mr. Rainsworth therefore adopted the awkward method before described, of hinting to each of them his intention of acting a passive part; after which, he resolved to persevere in unabated hostility towards Justinian, lest he should be induced to think there was a chance of his relenting. He thought Justinian was so liberal, so disinterested, and *romantic*, as Mr. R. termed it, that fortune with the woman he loved would be no consideration to him, and that he would devote himself to her and her family. Thus he anticipated the saving that would accrue to him in the education of his elder sons, and he kept them from school, perfectly confident, that Justinian would not refuse to instruct them. His having offered to do so, in the first instance, convinced Mr.

Rainsworth of Justinian's attachment to Althea, Mr. R. having no idea that a service could be rendered to another without some latent view of selfish gratification. On this he built his hopes of turning Justinian wholly to his purpose, which was nothing less than a design of throwing upon him the entire provision of his first family. He knew of his relationship to Lord St. Maurice, and concluded, that he entertained expectations from that quarter; but whether he did or not, was, in truth, a matter of indifference to Mr. Rainsworth, who had no doubt that, however circumscribed their income might be, Althea's good management and economy would render it sufficient. How far they might be straitened, or what privations they might be obliged to submit to, were considerations of no importance to Mr. Rainsworth, who, like most persons who are lavish and extravagant themselves, fancied others could live

on an income which to him would have been but the expenditure of a day. Though nominally one of the wealthiest men in the county, the scandalous profusion, waste, and destruction, practised through every department of his household, the depredations and impositions carried on systematically by every member, whose sole view was to gain all he could in the time he should be retained, which was never long, as Mr. Rainsworth's temper was not the worst evil they had to endure; *that* was small, in comparison to the tyranny of the wretch who governed him:—all these causes operated in the course of several years, upon Mr. Rainsworth's property, to an alarming degree. He began to apprehend serious involvements, and this excited him to attempt mean and pitiful savings, where they were impracticable with propriety, while he never attempted a radical reform in the right place.

CHAPTER IX.

JUSTINIAN was now a more frequent visitor at Althea's cottage, and found it difficult to conceal the sentiment which daily gained strength in his breast. In her eyes he was a being so perfect as to defy disapprobation. She did not impart her father's intention of retaining her brothers from school, but when Justinian saw them still at home, though they had forborne to visit him, the truth was revealed to him, and an animated altercation took place regarding the continuation of their studies under his superintendency. Justinian could not be blind to Mr. Rainsworth's design, but he had no inclination to disappoint him, and only regretted, that it was not in his power to devote more time to these youths than heretofore; but observed, that they must on that account be more diligent. He suc-

ceeded in over-ruling Althea's scruples, by gently reproaching her for evincing such extreme repugnance to accept so slight a service from him, even in behalf of her brothers—but she so ably defended herself against this charge, that Justinian ceased to complain. He was now sometimes heard, in presence of Althea, repining at his circumstances. What they were was no secret to his friends, though they had never before heard him express a murmur on the subject: but the grounds of his discontent, he candidly owned, were his apprehensions, that he never could inspire an attachment so strong as to induce such an one as he could love to share his humble destiny. He often spoke thus to Mrs. Selwyn when Althea was present. Mrs. Selwyn once observed, that other reasons, besides want of attachment, might more probably disappoint him—prudential considerations should not be overlooked on such occasions.

“ But,” rejoined Justinian, “ do you think it quite impossible that happiness could be experienced under such confined circumstances ?”

Mrs. Selwyn hesitated in her reply, and Justinian appealed to Althea, who owned that she thought it might, by two persons sincerely attached. She endeavoured to speak without embarrassment, but did not wholly succeed, and immediately added—

“ Admitting a *proviso*, that the destiny they choose for themselves does not involve that of other individuals who may be dependent upon them.”

Justinian did not quite understand the full purport of the latter clause, but the previous concession filled him with so much pleasure, that he could not, for a few moments, continue the subject with the calmness he wished to maintain; he then observed, that he should be conscious of such extreme presumption, in daring, with his prospects, to entertain such views, that he

should fear, in expressing his sentiments, to offend beyond hopes of pardon.

Mrs. Selwyn said, that she thought to have inspired an attachment in Mr. Lansdowne's breast must be flattering to any lady.

Though Justinian had spoken to Mrs. Selwyn, his eyes had glanced towards Althea, who leant over her work so intently, and examined it so minutely, that but for an increased flush on her cheek, he would have imagined she had not heard him.

This, and some other conversations of a similar tendency, which did not appear to offend Althea, though she never joined in them but when constrained, inspired in Justinian's bosom a species of hope which he found it impossible to repel, and his prudence and forbearance were put to the severest test.

Such was the posture of his feelings when he one day overtook Althea,

accompanied by one of her brothers, on her return from a charitable visit, from which she had not been deterred by very indifferent weather. Heavy rain now came on, and Althea was glad to avail herself of Justinian's umbrella, and his assistance in traversing a road scarcely passable from the depth of the mud. They had toiled on for some time, and Althea had stopped a moment to gain breath, and was smiling at the difficulties she had surmounted, when a gentleman's carriage approached, and passed so swiftly as to send a shower of mud on our poor pedestrians. Justinian looked up as it flew by, and perceived that it was Mr. Rainsworth's carriage, and occupied by his *domestic* family. Never before had Justinian experienced so strong a sentiment of indignation as at that moment filled his breast—a fire, foreign to his corrected disposition, kindled in his eye, and his heart beat with painful velocity;—his form shook, and Althea

perceived it, nor doubted the cause. Eager to convince him that her own feelings were not so painful as he might apprehend, she appeared to overlook what had occurred, and made some trifling observation in a tone of assumed composure. Yet she spoke with such unusual rapidity, and in so hurried a manner, that Justinian was too well aware of her design. He replied not, but struggled to command himself for some moments, but ineffectually, when he exclaimed in great perturbation—" Oh! why may not I offer you the sacred protection which would replace that of which you are so unnaturally debarred? Pardon me, pardon me! but I cannot at this moment suppress the avowal of sentiments which have overleaped the bounds of controul. I throw myself on your mercy. Oh! do not treat my presumption as it deserves."

Althea received this sudden and unpremeditated declaration with a degree

of confusion she could ill dissemble, and struggled with much embarrassment for words to reply. But she evinced no sign of haughty displeasure, and at length articulated—"Do not talk of presumption, Mr. Lansdowne, the term is ill applied—but just at this time—under such circumstances, I own I am much agitated—pray spare me at this moment—let the subject rest."

But Justinian was not so soon silenced ; he pursued his theme with increasing animation, till interrupted by the return of Althea's brother, who had run all the way home, and now came back with an additional cloak for his sister. She did not permit him again to leave her, and all soon reached the cottage. Though pressed to enter, Justinian declined, for his mind required composing. Althea refused not his proffered hand at parting, but gave her own with cordiality, though not with the unembarrassed air that usually distinguished her.

“ Is it the tenderness of friendship, and of a humane heart, that makes her fear to afflict and mortify me, or the dictates of a reciprocal feeling which actuates her demeanor?”

This question Justinian debated all the way home:—however that might be, one course alone remained for him to pursue after what had now passed, and, in a letter, he further expressed the genuine sentiment of the purest and most attached heart;—presenting an unvarnished picture of all it had to offer.

That, indeed, was little in a worldly sense, but every thing that taste and mind could desire in its choice. His income, with the addition of Althea’s annuity, would be under three hundreds a year, and nothing but the very exalted opinion he entertained of her disinterestedness, the reasonable bias of her mind, and that species of encouragement which he began to flatter himself he had received, could have

tempted him to address her. But how different were his feelings now, and even his opinions, to what they had been at the period when led on by Laura Delaval's preference, and her father's sanction to believe his suit might prove successful. He had then been persuaded, that his own circumstances, though he knew Laura would have a considerable fortune, placed marriage out of the question. *Now* no obstacle seemed insurmountable, no cause sufficiently strong to forbid hope, or to render improbable the happiness he sought: while, if he experienced too great ardour on this occasion, too eager anxiety respecting the issue, he excused himself by imputing it to his fervent wish of affording Althea that respectable protection she was deprived of, and rescuing her from a situation so unworthy of her merits. The morning subsequent to the delivery of his letter to Althea her brothers waited on him as usual, and mentioned, in the

course of conversation, that they had left their father at the cottage:—one of them observed, that he believed Althea had sent for him, in order to consult him upon business. The boys added, that they hoped it did not concern their going to school again. Justinian guessed that it was on a subject far more interesting to him, and he augured favourably from this—not that he entertained hopes of Mr. Rainsworth's giving substantial evidence of his approbation, but that Althea should consult him, at least proved that she had not at once determined on a positive rejection.

The result of her interview with her father will be apparent from the contents of the following letter, which Justinian received as soon as he could reasonably expect it.

“ My dear and most valued friend,
 I would not reply to your letter, until I had ascertained the precise

grounds on which I could form a decided opinion, regarding the deeply interesting subject it concerns. My father has just left me with the *confirmed* conviction, that *I have nothing to expect from him*, but negative permission to act for myself, and that the important step which decides my own destiny must also affect the welfare of my brothers and sister. This, perhaps, is a salutary check to my temerity, for I question if I possess sufficient prudence, sufficient regard for the advantage of him who would involve his better fate with mine, to refrain from risking our mutual happiness in the precarious path which fortune frowns on. Yet, at the moment of this avowal, my better reason accuses me of selfishness and ingratitude towards one, who, for my sake, would have debarred himself of comparative affluence, and have sacrificed the prospect of future advancement and present comfort. But I am spared these bitter

self reproaches. One line of conduct alone remains for me to adopt ; my lot is cast with those whom nature binds me to, and who from infancy have engaged my solicitude and attention. My mind, my assistance also, must be theirs, unless an ample provision were secured to them. Of this, there is no prospect ; on the contrary, they are rendered dependent on my actions,—nay, on my decision in this one instance ; and, in all cases, are inseparable from me. Your reasonable mind will at once perceive the utter impossibility of my acting otherwise than I do. Let me not have to mourn the interruption of your friendship, which would, indeed, be a severe aggravation of every uneasy sensation ! To say I am flattered, gratified, by the contents of your letter, is weakly to express what I feel in the persuasion of having excited sentiments, such as you avow, in a heart which I believe to be the most

pure, the most perfect, that human nature admits of. The impression you have made upon my mind, and on my heart, has so much of sanctity in it, that I can feel no cause for confusion in confessing it; but rejoice in that susceptibility of goodness which has given you such an influence on my affections. There is nothing in this sentiment that may not be tempered to fervent and lasting friendship. Let it be mutually thus, my dear friend! let no recurrence be made to the events of the two last days; and let that pleasing intercourse, from which I have derived such genuine and unalloyed gratification, be resumed,—nor again troubled by a like interruption. I do not tell you to forget me, or to seek another better calculated to share so high a destiny, though *that* I know were easy to be found; for I may say, in the words of the Indian Pundit to Sir William Jones—

“ To you there are many like me ; yet to me, there are none like you but yourself ! There are numerous groves of night flowers, but the night flower sees nothing like the moon, but the moon.”

I feel myself one of a herd of thousands similar to me, but I behold in you the distinguished delegate of heaven.—The instrument of salvation to a multitude.—The faithful servant of a glorious master, whose influence you obey implicitly : and contemplating you in this just and brilliant point of view, it seems almost like profaneness to wish to intrude upon your thoughts,—and I should think it were so, had I not learnt from the purest spring, that human affections are not a sacrifice required by our benign religion, but only resistance to their despotic, or unreasonable dominion. *That* I am resolved to oppose, and I feel convinced that you will set me the

example, for I never yet heard you advance a precept which you were yourself reluctant to practise.

You will not hesitate in believing me,

Your most affectionate

and obliged friend,

ALTHEA RAINSWORTH."

Was it possible, that Justinian, the wise, the judicious, the reasonable Justinian, could be dissatisfied with this letter? The purport certainly he must lament, but the terms in which it was conveyed might have been thought gratifying. Yet, to Justinian, they appeared frigid and studied,—the mere dictates of compassion, good nature, or fraternal regard; in short, any thing but what they were. Yes, she was anxious to spare his feelings; she venerated and esteemed him, and entertained a high opinion of his general character. She liked him as a friend and companion; but she experienced not that

more tender sentiment which would have led her to desire the union of their destinies.

Her father's obduracy was resorted to as a ready plea, of which she gladly availed herself. Besides, it was impossible, (so thought Justinian, under the first impression excited by the letter,) it was quite impossible, that Mr. Rainsworth should ever think of wholly deserting his sons. True, his estates were not entailed, but their future provision he would undoubtedly secure; and if resigning their education to those he might think competent and willing to undertake it, he certainly would render some compensation:—and their youngest sister, *she* could not be called dependent, having an annuity equal to Althea's.—Oh! no, this formidable picture was only presented to render a steady rejection less mortifying; and he was required to go again to the cottage, and look, and seem, and feel, the same as ever;

impossible ! he *could* not go ; at least, not for a long—*long* time.

Such was the current of Justinian's thoughts, while he still held the open letter in his hand, referring to different passages ; and the perverted view he took of it was evidence, that the most exalted human mind is not at all times proof against the delusions of the feelings, acting on a susceptible imagination. Perhaps no influence is more likely to bewilder the judgment than that which now operated on Justinian's mind, but over such an empire error of any kind could not long hold sway : many hours had not elapsed when he pronounced himself excessively absurd, and equally unjust. Yet he felt reluctant to visit Althea, and thought he would refrain from seeking her for some time. The next day was the sabbath ; and, therefore, exclusively devoted to Him who claims it as his own.

Justinian saw Althea, but not to

speak to her; or did he wish it. His ideas were concentrated to a point which left all earthly interests at an immeasurable distance, and it would have pained him to divert them from it.

~~THE END OF THE WORLD~~

CHAPTER X.

THE ensuing evening he once more found himself on the road to the cottage. He had meditated replying to Althea's letter, but felt that he could not say all that he wished on paper, and that his strain would be more reproachful than was perhaps justifiable; but he resolved, notwithstanding the interdiction implied in the letter, to revive the subject whenever he had an opportunity, and vigorously debate every distinct objection.

Althea had endured much uneasiness since Justinian had seen, or rather spoken to, her. She feared that he was offended, and with how little cause every feeling of her breast bore witness. She had appealed to her father, in the hope that he might relent at the near prospect of her forming a con-

nection of which, whatever were his private feelings toward Justinian, he seemed desirous. It had always been reported in the county that she would be heiress of twenty thousand pounds, which none scrupled to affirm as true, without regard to Mr. Rainsworth's numerous progeny, so wealthy was he supposed to be. But he *himself* had said at one period, on her being addressed by a baronet of large property, that if she would accept him he would give her *ten* thousand pounds, which should be doubled at his death. She had then proved inexorable; but on the present occasion she only pleaded for *five*; but in vain — while Mr. Rainsworth positively affirmed, that if his sons chose to live away from him and seek an home elsewhere, he would not support them, and he coarsely added—that Mr. Lansdowne might take them altogether—Althea might please herself, but she must take those with her whom she had taught to be dis-

obedient to him. She plainly saw her father's full design, and doubted not, that he sincerely wished her to marry under circumstances that would furnish him with a plea for casting off his whole family. A union, in such a case, Althea considered as quite impossible ; even her friend Mrs. Selwyn was in a measure dependent upon her, for that good woman had not an income sufficient to support herself, and in losing her present home she must be greatly distressed. Thus, Althea at once saw that her own individual happiness must be sacrificed for the advantage of those about her. Nor, indeed, could she bear to prove an obstacle to Justinian's advancement, nor be the means of circumscribing his munificence, which must have been the case had she accepted his offer. He was dearer to her, ten thousand times dearer than any thing this world could offer, yet he *must* be relinquished, and to retain him as her friend was her

only consolation, save the conviction of having acted right. Under this impression she had addressed her letter to him, and she remained in great anxiety to learn how it had affected him.

When he at length appeared, she met him with a tender solicitude of manner, and an eager desire to soothe and conciliate, which she immediately perceived was called for by his dejected aspect. No resentment was to be traced on his brow, but it was marked by sadness and regret. His always harmonious voice was lowered to a plaintive key, and he looked as if he had been injured—though he bore no enmity to the aggressor. Althea had not intended to afford him an opportunity of expressing his feelings, nor did any occur on that occasion; but the next time they met she did not evade being left alone with him, being anxious to dissipate the very unpleasant impression under which he appeared to labour.

She submitted, in the first place, to vehement accusations of entertaining sentiments and opinions directly contrary to those she really nourished. Justinian gave a spirited delineation of the disappointment and mortification he had endured, and would admit no grounds sufficient for her conduct short of disinclination on her part to meet his wishes. The deep sigh that escaped Althea, as she listened to his reproaches, might have convinced him of their injustice, which she felt to a degree beyond what she thought proper to acknowledge, under circumstances which forbade of her considering Justinian as her future husband. She could only assure him, that he had entirely mistaken the influence under which she acted, and that she really could not see a possibility of her pursuing, with propriety, a different line of conduct.

“ But you see obstacles,” exclaimed Justinian, with vivacity, “ where none

in reality exist, while I cannot perceive any which cannot be surmounted :—how different must be our feelings !”

Althea observed—“ I cannot alter my view of the subject with any shadow of prudence, or consideration for those most dear to me.”

“ But why,” —rejoined Justinian, eagerly, “ why could not the same dear circle be as happy at the new Parsonage as in this cottage—it will be fit for their reception early in the spring, and what a blessed sight would it be to me to see it so inhabited. Mr. Rainsworth would never permit his sons to be wholly dependent upon you, or if he did for a short time, he would not do so permanently, at least *I* would risk it. Oh ! if your feelings corresponded with mine—”

Althea rose precipitately and walked to the window, averting her face, for she could not command the emotion excited by Justinian’s disinterested tenderness. Hoping he had made

some impression he still more urgently pressed his cause, when Althea, in a fluctuating voice, conjured him to spare her, adding—

“ And could you, my dear friend, so really conscientious as you are, could you feel justified in sacrificing the means you now possess of assisting others, and all your prospects of *augmented* means in future, to an individual predilection ?”

Justinian was for a moment silent, then returned:—

“ This is not the first time that question has been suggested to me, my own heart long since prompted it, but the advantages of a companion, an assistant, so ready, and so capable of seconding my endeavours to promote the welfare of those within our influence would certainly equal, if not exceed, all others.”

Althea shook her head, and had no reply to make to what he further added; but the tears she could no longer

controul, though she remained inflexible, turned his reproaches on himself, and their interview terminated amicably, though not satisfactorily ; Althea entreating Justinian not to destroy the charm of their friendships, by renewing a subject so painful, and discussions so unavailing. Indeed she was vigilant in preventing a recurrence of such opportunities. But she had to endure a persecution of a very different nature from another quarter. Mr. Rainsworth was provoked beyond measure at her declining, because she was portionless, to espouse him whom she acknowledged to be the object of her choice ; and by every means in his power excepting those which alone could have accomplished it, he strove to compel her to change her resolution.

He now persevered in a system of the harshest unkindness ; frequently visiting his daughter for no other purpose than to torment her, and often

threatening a suspension of the pitiful allowance, by which, with the strictest economy, she was enabled to provide for the comfort of her brothers and sister. Mr. Rainsworth's design was to drive her to an acceptance of Justinian's proposals, while towards him, he continued the same determined hostility. When Althea observed, that independent of other considerations, how distressing it must prove to her, to see the being whom she had selected as a husband, the perpetual object of her father's resentment, Mr. Rainsworth replied, that he had thoughts of selling his estate in that county, and they would not be troubled with him. But Althea was resolved, that whatever degree of poverty she might have to contend with, should at least be under the consoling idea that he to whom her affections were devoted, was not involved in it. But the delight of their intercourse was for a time destroyed, or experienced but at intervals; for the state

of their minds precluded that calm gratification they had once experienced in each other's society. Justinian seldom failed to observe the traces of tears on Althea's cheek, whenever he heard that her father had been with her; and that she was very far from happy, was more visible in her aspect and demeanor, than she was aware of; for she constantly endeavoured to conceal the uneasiness of her heart from those whose tranquillity it might affect. But to Justinian it was still so apparent, as to prevent him from regaining the composure, he might probably have recovered, had he been assured, that he was suffering alone. Sometimes contemplating Althea's conduct in its true light, and confident of her attachment to him, he felt all the gratification that such a persuasion was calculated to excite; but at other moments, he would think that he had deceived himself, and that she even preferred enduring the tyranny, and

cruelty, of her worthless parent to accepting his addresses.

Some weeks passed on, in this uncomfortable manner. If Justinian chanced to meet Mr. Rainsworth, he observed his aspect to be more splenetic, morose, and even brutal, than ever, and *that* not only towards him, but extending to every one, whom he addressed. It was reported in the village, that his house presented a scene so distracting that no domestic could endure it for more than a few days, while he struggled for mastery, yet continued subjugated by a species of infatuation, unaccountable, though not uncommon.

Justinian's pupils still continued to seek him, and their youthful brows were not unfrequently shaded with a serious cast, while they would complain of their father's unkindness, and his threats of totally deserting them. Justinian supplicated, and importuned, Althea, to permit them to reside under

his roof, offering, as a plea for the request, the inclemency of the weather, which at that season rendered it inconvenient and perhaps injurious to their health, daily to traverse so considerable a distance. But Althea could not be prevailed on to accede to such a proposal, justly imagining that the walk which Mr. Lansdowne could so often perform, under every diversity of sky, could not be more inimical to her brothers, than to him. Now indeed! if ever, there seemed a sufficient bar to their communications: it was the latter end of February, and a heavy fall of snow had covered the earth, and rendered the roads perilous. Still Justin made his way though not without exciting the apprehensions of his friends.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE evening, having spent the early part of it at the cottage, he returned, through a thick snow shower, and having reached home, he took his place by the fire side with his books before him, for the purpose of studying, as was his habit, for a couple of hours before he retired to rest.

It was after midnight when he repaired to his chamber, and he was just falling into uncertain slumbers, when a loud knocking at the cottage door roughly aroused him. A sound so unusual at such an hour, excited some apprehension. Althea was the first image that rose in Justinian's thoughts—some accident had occurred at her residence, perhaps a fire, but a moment's reflection shewed the greater probability of some cottager being

taken violently ill, and who, apprehensive of immediate death, required the consolation of his attendance and prayers. This idea flashed on Justinian's mind as he sprang from his bed to the casement ; at the same moment he heard a rough voice call loudly on his name and the knocking redoubled. He had now opened the window, and as a keen wind drove the snow in his face, he demanded—" What was the matter?" A man beneath the window replied, " Mr. Lansdowne must go to Rainsworth Hall directly—he must not lose a moment."

Justinian asked if any accident had happened? the man only returned, " Squire Rainsworth wants to speak to Parson Lansdowne immediately, and I am going on as fast as I can for the Doctor." As he spoke he ran off as expeditiously as the uncertainty of the footing, (which rendered a horse useless) would permit. Justinian could only conclude, that Mr. Rainsworth

was dying, or believed that he was, and that a clamorous conscience had occasioned this summons.

He hurried on his clothes with as much rapidity as the uncertain light of an obscured moon, and the reflection of the snow, would allow of; and feeling his way down the almost perpendicular stair-case, he was soon outside the cottage door. He swiftly proceeded towards the hall, keeping his balance tolerably well by the velocity with which he advanced and the lightness of his step, though sometimes he took a slide of several feet, and at others sunk knee deep, while the nipping blast formed icicles of the melted snow that dropped from his hat.

He at length succeeded in reaching his destination, and Rainsworth hall stood before him. He perceived lights in several of the chamber windows. He knocked gently at the front door, but could obtain no admission; when he

went round to a back entrance where he also knocked in vain. Raising the latch he found that the door was unlocked, and he entered a passage conducting to a spacious kitchen, where an enormous fire was burning, and a number of lighted candles were left on different places: but no human creature was to be seen, and Justinian passed through to a servants' hall, where a sumptuous meal was spread, and a fire of equal magnitude burning, and an additional number of lights, though this apartment was also deserted. He proceeded onward through several passages which conducted him to a stair-case, when his attention was attracted by a strange howling noise, which he found to arrive from the crying of a half-dressed child who sat on one of the steps. Justinian accosted it, but could obtain no answer for some time: at length, to his interrogation, if Mr. Rainsworth was ill, the child replied, " I don't know, but

they are going to turn me out of doors." Justinian asked for the servants, but could gain no satisfactory reply ; when recommending the child to go and warm himself by the fire below, he passed up the stairs into a gallery, where he found two more boys older than the former, both crying, but they were not more communicative than their brother, whom Justinian bade them follow, and keep themselves warm and not cry. A sigh of genuine compassion heaved his breast for these unfortunates, dragged from their beds, as he concluded, at such an hour. The sound of voices now reached his ears ; and he approached the room from whence it proceeded, when, to his great surprise, he heard loud laughter, with a continual din of female tongues. He tapped at the door, but could gain no attention, when he entered and beheld a crowd of women servants pulling about an abundance of gaudy habili-

ments and costly ornaments. They were greatly dismayed at his intrusion, and could not recover their confusion, but, on his asking for Mr. Rainsworth, one of them shewed the way to the chamber occupied by her master.

Justinian found Mr. Rainsworth sitting under a load of clothing by a large fire : a table covered with papers was beside him. Justinian did not perceive any symptoms of indisposition in Mr. Rainsworth's aspect : it only betrayed awkward embarrassment, which he attempted to carry off by an ill-timed and forced laugh, on receiving this bidden guest, whom he thus accosted—

“ Well, Mr. Lansdowne, here is good news for you. I was determined to be the first to tell it you, as it is a point you have so long stickled for. She is off, Sir, fairly off, and her brats shall follow her at day-break. She has nearly been the death of me, *nearly*. I don't know now, that she

has not. Ten minutes ago I did not think I should have been alive at this moment; and, to own the truth, I sent for you to hand me off decently. I thought you would not stand out now the great *bar* is removed, and I must say"—he continued, as his countenance assumed a cast of gloomy dread, and his tone changed—"I must say, Mr. Lansdowne, that I have been at times much troubled in my mind, since you so obstinately insisted on certain points before I could be permitted to appear where I always used to appear once a year, and this weighed heavy upon my mind, when I thought I was going—but now, *now*, *don't* you think there may be a chance for me?"

Justinian did not know whether this question referred to a future world, or the present; but he did not reply, for his attention at the moment was attracted by a spot of blood, quickly spreading on the garment thrown over Mr. Rainsworth's shoul-

der. The direction and expression of Justinian's eyes were instantly observed by Mr. Rainsworth, and he exclaimed, with marks of the strongest terror,

“ It is coming again ! It is coming again !—It can't be stopped—I am going, I am going !—pray for me, Lansdowne. I won't die, I won't die, I won't die”—— he continued repeating with demonstrations of horror, amounting to phrenzy. Justinian conjured him to endeavour to be calm, observing that his violence increased the effusion that alarmed him, and having ascertained the situation of the wound, which was in the arm, near the shoulder. Justinian endeavoured, by tightening the bandages, and by the pressure of his hands to avert the danger apprehended. All the time he was thus occupied, Mr. Rainsworth was with the opposite hand, pulling at the bell, which, after some time, was answered by two women, who were

greeted with bitter imprecations for their inattention, but to these they were entirely callous. From their loquacity, unchecked by the slightest respect for their master, Justinian gained an insight into the cause of what he witnessed. The battle of words, so frequently carried on between Mr. Rainsworth and his chosen companion, had on that night, while the parties were at supper, assumed a more violent character than usual; and female courage, animated by large portions of a favourite beverage, had dictated the use of a weapon sharper than the tongue, and a large carving knife had been hurled at Mr. Rainsworth by his opponent. It stuck in the upper part of his arm, and produced an effusion of blood which seemed to justify the assertion he violently proclaimed—that he was murdered. The perpetrator, believing that she really had committed murder, instantly fled the house, unpursued; her

ears ringing with Mr. Rainsworth's repeated cry, that she should be secured and brought to justice.

Under the apprehension of immediate death, he experienced all that mental agony and cowardly fear, natural in such a man, under such circumstances, and he sent off for the doctor and Justinian together. The latter was the only person he could think of, on whom to rely with confidence at that moment of confusion. He never doubted of his obeying the summons, and considered him as his only friend.

Mr. Rainsworth was not the son of irreligious parents, though their claim to the distinction might only be negative. He had followed their example, in sometimes going to church, and occasionally attending the ordinances of his religion; but of the subject he had heard much, both from his wife and daughter, which, together with what had been forced

on him by Justinian, all pressed upon his soul at the moment of danger. But before Justinian arrived, the wound, for the time, was staunch'd ; and, as ready to hope as to fear, Mr. Rainsworth no sooner ceased to see the blood flowing, than he began to think his alarm needless, and that he had acted too precipitately, in sending for Justinian. He retired to his chamber, his mind filled with vengeance against the assassin, as he termed her. He insisted that the children should be taken from their beds, and prepared for immediate departure, declaring that he would never harbour the offspring of a murderess. He had his papers spread before him, and, without a moment's hesitation, burnt the will by which, after allotting *one* thousand pounds to each of his legitimate children, he had left the whole residue of his property between his favourites, and their mother, under whose influence it had been made.

He had just satisfied his malignant fury by this first act of revenge, when Justinian appeared. The arrival of the surgeon released Lansdowne from the painful attitude he had retained for nearly an hour, in his anxious attention to the wound. By the application of proper styptics it was speedily staunched, and the medical attendant pronounced a favourable opinion of Mr. Rainsworth's situation, leaving him in bed, and prognosticating a speedy recovery. Mr. Rainsworth had previously extorted a promise from Justinian, that he would not leave the house that night. On the departure of the surgeon, Mr. R. inquired whether the murderess had been pursued according to his orders. Justinian assured him, that the roads were not in a state to permit the fugitive to proceed far; she had doubtless taken refuge in some neighbouring cottage, and he hoped that Mr. Rainsworth's recovery would acquit her of murder, and that

he would resolve on never seeing her again on any pretext whatever.

“ A wretch ! ” muttered Mr. Rainsworth, “ an ungrateful wretch ! to one who had sheltered and indulged her in every thing, ever since she was sixteen years of age.”

“ Only *sixteen* ! ” echoed Justinian with a deep sigh, and in the most compassionate tone.

“ Yes,” rejoined Mr. Rainsworth, “ she is not now more than twenty-nine. She was an underling in the kitchen in poor dear Mrs. Rainsworth’s time, and this is the way she has returned my kindness to her.”

Justinian said a few words on the nature and consequences of such *kindness*, to which Mr. Rainsworth listened with a groan ; but Justinian did not enlarge upon the theme, as he feared to agitate his auditor, yet could not wholly forbear attempting to make an impression on his mind at the moment it was most susceptible. Mr.

Rainsworth could not sleep, but continued talking incessantly, except when Justinian addressed him. He now ordered, that the children should be immediately sent after their mother, wherever she might be. Lansdowne said he had already given directions respecting them, and would talk further with him on the subject the next day, but now recommended him to endeavour to obtain some repose. Thus saying, he retired from his bedside, and Mr. Rainsworth thought he had quitted the room, but Justinian, quietly dismissing the woman who had been sleeping by the fire, took her place, and the bed curtains being drawn, Mr. Rainsworth did not perceive this arrangement. Justinian had some time before desired one of the women to pay attention to the children, replace them in their beds, and in the morning to give them their breakfasts as usual, nor to take any steps for sending them away, till Mr.

Rainsworth had more maturely deliberated on their future destination. It was Lansdowne's design to prevail, if possible, on Mr. Rainsworth to place them at a respectable school, and make a suitable provision for their support. Their number was reduced to three, all boys; several younger children had died through neglect, and one had been burnt to death from the same cause. Justinian felt anxious about Mr. Rainsworth, from the restlessness he had evinced since the surgeon had left him, and therefore retained his station in the chamber, nor had he time to indulge his ruminations on the situation in which he was placed, when Mr. Rainsworth again spoke, supposing the servant to be in attendance. He desired that Mr. Lansdowne should be requested to return to him, as he wished to consult him on business of consequence. Justinian perceived, that he was in that state of irritation which would

neither permit him to be silent nor tranquil. He talked much of his eldest daughter, and in the highest terms, declaring he knew no woman like her, either for lofty principles, delicate propriety, or discretion. He desired that Mrs. Selwyn might be summoned early in the morning, and deputed to new model the household, and dismiss the *nest of vipers*, as he termed his domestics, and subsequently his daughter might perhaps be persuaded to come to him.

Justinian observed, there could not be a doubt that Miss Rainsworth would immediately fly to her father, were she aware of his situation, but he agreed with Mr. Rainsworth, that it would be better, if possible, to keep her in ignorance of what had occurred, till the residence was more fit for her reception, but he recommended that her brothers should be permitted to attend on their parent immediately. But this Mr. Rains-

worth objected to, saying, they would only disturb him.

Justinian now wrote a note to Mrs. Selwyn, informing her that the obnoxious personage who had so long banished peace from Rainsworth Hall, had taken flight, and that he was deputed, by Mr. R., who had sent for him on the occasion, to request Mrs. Selwyn's immediate presence, preparatory to the return of his daughter, her sister, and brothers. Thus Justinian avoided mentioning Mr. Rainsworth's precarious situation, and the violent scene that had given rise to it. *Precarious* it certainly appeared, when the surgeon again saw him:—there was a strong propensity to fever, and the wound was much inflamed, the natural consequences of a habit of body formed by a gross and pampered appetite.

CHAPTER XII.

JUSTINIAN was glad, at sun rise, to perceive a sudden change in the weather; a rapid thaw rendered it less difficult to traverse the roads, though scarcely less disagreeable. It was necessary, that Justinian should absent himself for some hours from Mr. Rainsworth, having many demands on his attention, which required his presence at home and elsewhere; but he lost no time in returning, and was happy to find Mrs. Selwyn already busily employed in the business of reform. She had dismissed all the domestics, paying them their wages, according to Mr. Rainsworth's directions, and had sent them off without entering into any discussion. Indeed, some had not waited to be dismissed. The most active parties in the general pillage,

which Justinian had interrupted the preceding night, had disappeared at once.—One man servant only was to be found, the same that had acted express ; all the others had been discharged by Mr. Rainsworth in one of his fits of fury the day before. Temporary assistants were immediately procured, through Mrs. Selwyn's exertions, added to those of two women she had brought with her ; and a rapid revolution was thus promptly effected. The children she treated with the attention they required ; and though they were usually most disorderly and unmannerly, they were now, for the time, perfectly tractable, from the awe they experienced in seeing none but strangers about them.

Justinian, on rejoining Mr. Rainsworth, perceived that he was much more tranquil than he had been in the morning, and he ventured to press on him the propriety of sending the children to school ; but for a long time he

was inexorable; repeating his resolution of casting them off for ever, while he expressed much resentment that they should still continue in the house. But by dint of calm and unanswerable argument, Justinian succeeded in silencing his invectives, though Mr. R. would not give a free consent to the measure proposed, but muttered to himself:—

“ Yes, this is always the way—*he* will carry his point sooner or later—I see it plainly—I shall be priest-ridden at last, with my eyes open. It is always the case, if a parson once gets thorough hold upon you he will do what he likes with you—I say Lansdowne,” raising his voice a little, “ you must not be too hard upon me. You see I am inclined to be reasonable, but I don’t like your stealing into my mind in that sort of way that you have contrived to do by your spirit of perseverance. First, by that letter of your’s, which you may see among my papers

on the table there, nearly worn out, and crushed and creased by many a rough touch—for whenever I had the blue d—ls I used to read it, and now I begin to think there is some reason in it; and this is the way you have undermined me, in spite of myself.”

This curious speech excited a sensation of the purest pleasure in Justinian's breast; he began to think, that some permanent impression was made on Mr. Rainsworth's mind, and pursuing his advantage, he went so far as to express his hopes, that Mr. R. would insure the future provision of those unfortunate children who would otherwise be totally destitute. Mr. Rainsworth vehemently expressed his satisfaction, that he had at least had resolution to destroy that imbecile document in which they were remembered. Justinian did not disapprove of that act, as he concluded the will was a most unjust one to those who had the first claims on Mr. Rainsworth, but the

provision of his younger offspring, who laboured under every disadvantage, all brought on them by their parents, was a field for Justinian's eloquence, which he improved to the utmost. During a short pause, he heard Mr. Rainsworth grumble, in an under tone. this *liberal* speech :

“ No wonder that those base born brats should find such a vehement advocate in one who is something of the *same genus*.”

Justinian did not appear to hear him, nor did his eye, or manner, betray resentment; he continued in exactly the same strain, to enforce the necessity of this act of duty and justice on Mr. Rainsworth's part. But Mr. R. now positively vowed. that he would take no more thought about a will, that there was an old one, which he had made twelve years before, and that might be abided by. Justinian pressed him to look it over, and judge whether it were such as he could now

approve; he urged this point from his secret apprehensions, that Mr. Rainsworth's situation was alarming, though the fever was intermitting, and left him in the intervals capable of some exertion. He at length yielded to Justinian's entreaties, and directed him to search at the bottom of a chest, he pointed to, for the document, which he bade him read aloud.

Justinian complied. The will had been made previous to the birth of Mr. Rainsworth's youngest daughter. It assigned his principal estate to his eldest son, and another which he possessed in Yorkshire, to the second son. Twenty thousand pounds to his (then) only daughter, Althea, and *six* to her mother—being, as Mr. Rainsworth observed, on that passage being read, *all* that that poor good woman had brought him; but which, indeed, was to have been doubled, according to her marriage settlement; but through some *mistake*, it had not been legally exe-

cuted previous to their union, and had never been attended to afterwards. He added, “you see Mr. Lansdowne it is a very good will! Althea will provide for her sister—the six thousand pounds intended for Mrs. Rainsworth will make good the deficiency in the twenty for Althea, which cannot otherwise be supplied, for I am not so rich, by many thousands, as I was when that will was made—but if the estates were put to nurse, they would be more than free by the time the boys are of age.”

Justinian suggested the division of the twenty thousand pounds, into ten for each of his daughters, and the assignment of two thousands, payable from the estates, to each of his illegitimate sons, whom the law kept wholly unprovided for, should there be no will: also an annuity of fifty pounds to Mrs. Selwyn.

These deductions, Justinian observed, would not be felt by the elder

sons, who by the time they were of age would have property as considerable as any rational being could desire. Mr. Rainsworth evinced displeasure, and declared he would not trouble himself about the matter—he had no doubt Althea would settle it all as it should be, and persuade her brothers to do the same. Justinian replied, that he did not question that point, but he wished Mr. Rainsworth to experience the gratification he must derive from acting with strict propriety in such momentous concerns. He spoke much more on the subject, when Mr. Rainsworth exclaimed, with sarcastic petulance, “ I wonder, *Sir*, with your vast liberality, and extraordinary sensibility, that you do not advise a munificent provision for the author of all this mischief—*certainly she* should not be forgotten, according to your *enlightened* code.”

“ For *her*,” returned Justinian, “ I should advise, as the utmost kindness,

a penitentiary and hard labour, and if it should fall under my influence, I will endeavour to procure it for her by the laws of her country. To secure her comfort and independence, would be to encourage vice and depravity ; and permitting her to live in idleness would be to ensure future guilt."

Justinian was interrupted by a summons from Mrs. Selwyn, who wished to speak to him immediately. The messenger looked scared, and spoke with trepidation. In the gallery stood Mrs. Selwyn, trembling universally, and as pale as death. Justinian had not time to question her, ere she exclaimed—

" Oh ! Mr. Lansdowne, go down to the hall, and see what has happened ; and tell them what is to be done. I am so horror struck I do not know what I am about."

Justinian flew down the grand staircase, without waiting to ask a single question. On entering the hall he be-

held a crowd of people surrounding the long table, which, in old fashioned mansions, is fixed in the center of the apartment, and on which, as the people moved to admit him, Justinian beheld the extended form of a woman, habited in gaudy attire, despoiled with mud and dirt. The ghastly features, open lips and fixed and rayless eyes, bespoke the life departed. Justinian started violently, and shuddered as with an ague fit—but instantly coming forward, he touched one of the hands to feel if it was cold, when an old farmer, standing opposite, thus addressed him :

“ If you please your Reverence, this woman was found by me in a dike full of half melted snow by the road side; about two miles off, just by the turnip fields and opposite the copse, and my team being coming along the road not far behind, I waited for it, and Jack my carter helped in the body, and this being the nearest house, we brought

it here till the Coroner should sit about it, which, I think is the right way in such cases."

Justinian was giving rapid orders, and making exertions himself for forwarding the process of resuscitation, when the farmer continued—"Aye good gentleman, you may spare yourself the trouble, for Jack saw the woman at six o'clock this morning when he was going to the fields. She was sitting beside the dike which was then full of snow and he thought she was asleep, and gave her a shake—but she was stone cold and dead enough then, and he was afraid to move her or have any thing to do about it as he was alone, and folks might have thought he had something to do with the murder."

The carter gave his evidence to the same effect, when Justinian relinquished attempts which were thus rendered hopeless to recal life, and severely reprehended the carter, whose fear of

involving himself might, in such a case, have caused the death of a fellow creature, whose life, under temporary suspension, was not beyond the possibility of restoration. That the body must not be moved till a jury had pronounced a verdict concerning the death, could not be disputed, and most sincerely did Justinian lament, that a scene of such a nature should take place under a roof where every circumstance seemed clothed with double horror.

The farmer might probably by changing the direction of his team, have found a house nearer than Rainsworth Hall, but he was not unacquainted with the person of her who had perished, and whose apparel betrayed a precipitate flight, unprovided with any defence against the cold, and he suspected, that she had been driven from the habitation to which he restored the lifeless body. Justinian took immediate measures for apprizing

the Coroner of what had occurred, but the distance at which he lived, rendered it impossible, that a jury could be assembled before the next day. The crowd, at Justinian's request, now dispersed, and stationing persons to guard all access to the hall, he joined Mrs. Selwyn. He found her shedding tears over the three unfortunate children, whom she retained close to her lest they should learn what had occurred. Justinian directed immediate preparations for sending them to school, the consequences he took upon himself; and Mrs. Selwyn went to examine their wardrobe and pack it up, noting what they were in want of to augment it, which could be sent after them. Justinian said he would write a letter to the master of a respectable school, about twenty miles from thence, with necessary explanations, and send the boys off in charge of his friend, the clerk, early the next morning. He

determined for the present, to conceal from Mr. Rainsworth the events of the last half hour : there was something so shocking in the whole affair, that Justinian felt incapable of entering upon it, with one so deeply concerned, and he cautioned the servants who were about Mr. Rainsworth to be secret.

Mrs. Selwyn sent a note to Althea, informing, her that preparations were making for her reception, but that another day, or two, was required to make every thing comfortable. She added, at Justinian's desire, that Mr. Lansdowne promised himself the pleasure of visiting her in the course of the next day.

He had not seen her brothers that morning, for concluding by his note to Mrs. Selwyn, that he was engaged at Rainsworth Hall, they had not attended him as usual, and he hoped that if they did not visit the village, they might remain ignorant of those shock-

ing particulars which he would fain have kept from them. At all events he believed they had too much sense and discretion to repeat such a communication to their sisters.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALTHEA, though continuing ignorant of any thing more than it was desirable she should know, was much perplexed. Though she experienced the most solid joy in hearing, that her father was emancipated from the thralldom that had so long involved him, she anticipated in her removal from her peaceful cottage to the abode in which her early years had been so gloomily coloured, far different scenes from those she had now long been accustomed to. She knew her father's disposition well, and dreaded that, though a temporary caprice, as she concluded, had prompted him to send for Justinian, under peculiar circumstances, the system of hostility might speedily be renewed, and he might be banished from the residence, which would then be her home. In

short more gloom, than sunshine, was apparent in the prospect to one, who knew what it was to reside in the house with Mr. Rainsworth. The only idea which Althea could dwell on with perfect complacency was, that Heaven might ordain Justinian to be at length the means of her father's conversion, and give a new character to his latter years.

Feelings somewhat similar affected Justinian, when his anxious thoughts dwelt on the probable consequences of the revolution which had occurred.—How might it affect his attachment to Althea? He dared not reckon on Mr. Rainsworth's stability in the right path; he apprehended, that with health, evil dispositions would again predominate, or, having restored his daughter to the first place in his affections, ambitious projects, and splendid views for her establishment, might take possession of his breast. These, admitting that Althea's inclinations were on Justi-

nian's side, which he often questioned, would present an insurmountable bar to his success, and he should be deprived even of the opportunity of cultivating her friendship ; for most probably Mr. Rainsworth would dispense with his visits as soon as his vigilance was no longer requisite. Thus Justinian participated keenly in the apprehensions, and regret, which Althea experienced at the prospect of changing her residence. On rejoining Mr. Rainsworth, he found that the fever had returned during his absence but in a slighter degree, and he was then again so much better, that Justinian began to think his recovery very probable. Mr. Rainsworth himself renewed the subject of the will by observing.

“ Well, Lansdowne, I am not going to die yet ; so you need not plague me about my will.”

“ It is for that very reason that I would now press the point :” returned

Justinian, "It must ever be a painful theme when we apprehend an immediate necessity for it; but when we look forward to a prolonged existence, as I trust we may now do in your case, we can, without uncomfortable feelings, recommend a measure which should never be neglected. In regard to our temporal affairs, we should stand ^{re}prepared, as we ought to be in the far more weighty consideration of our spiritual state; and thus we arm ourselves against contingencies, and are never to be *surprised* by the summons which is as sure as its period is uncertain.

After conversing a long time, Justinian could only obtain from Mr. Rainsworth permission to apply to his attorney, whom his litigious disposition had always found work for, and depute him to draw up a form of a will, such as Lansdowne had suggested in regard to the legitimate children, but entirely excluding the others.

But Justinian, as he bade him good night, added, with a smile—

“ If their names should be inserted, Sir, you might at any time erase them.”

“ And *that* I certainly should do immediately,” returned Mr. Rainsworth.

Nevertheless, Justinian retired to the library, where a fire was kept up for his accommodation, and wrote a minute explanation of the instrument to be executed by the attorney, *including* the younger children. This, he hoped, by dint of perseverance, to induce Mr. Rainsworth to sign.

It was not impossible, that his indisposition might suddenly assume an unfavourable aspect, for he complained of the painfulness of his wound, and it would then be too late to prepare a document, which, if ready, he might perhaps be prevailed on to render valid. The attorney was also the coroner, to whom Justinian intended to deliver the written instructions, subsequent to the unpleasant scene which was to

take place next morning. He also wrote the letter he intended for the school-master; when, shutting out the world, he continued for some time engaged in the performance of his evening devotions. That day had produced events, and excited thoughts, that added considerably to their length. Having finished his devotions, he took out his pocket bible, and remained lost in its study far beyond his usual hour of retiring. A bed was prepared for him, but even after he had closed the sacred volume, such a multitude of thoughts crowded on his mind, and he was so disposed to meditate, that, though the preceding night had been sleepless, he was not inclined to slumber.

The fate of that wretched being, whose breathless body now occupied the ancient hall of that insulted house, engaged his thoughts, which traversed the train of events connected with this horrible catastrophe, and caused him to deeply moralize upon the theme.

From his profound ruminations he was suddenly aroused, by a sound unlike to any he had ever heard before. It was a strange unnatural cry—a mingled yell and scream quickly reiterated—then rising to the roar of an untamed brute of the desert. It proceeded from the hall.

Justinian sprang from his seat, seized a light, and flew to the place from whence the noise proceeded.

Mr. Rainsworth, on being left by Justinian and the surgeon, to seek repose, under the vigilance of a man appointed to sit up with him, endeavoured for some time to court sleep, and to amuse his mind with sanguine anticipations of his recovery; but shooting spasms from his wound, and a sudden crowd of dark and gloomy images gathering on his mind, with the return of fever, soon surrounded his pillow with all the demons of disease. An inexpressible horror came

over him ;—it seemed as if the crimes of his past life, each personified in some hideous phantom, rose in judgment around him, pointing to open graves, and depths of flames beneath.

Struggling against this agonizing enthrallment, he raised himself up, looked wildly about, and strove, by a bodily effort, to burst the distracting delusion. Slightly relieved by this exertion, he determined to rise and walk about the chamber. His attendant slept, and so soundly, as to remain undisturbed, though Mr. Rainsworth heavily traversed the room, as he cast his eyes from object to object, and tried to send his thoughts with them, touching each, in order to produce conviction, and thus, in some measure, he regained the exercise of his senses. He then approached the window, and, putting back the curtain, his attention was caught by the light that fell upon the lawn, from four of the lower windows of the edi-

fice. That they were those of the hall, could not be questioned, as all the others had shutters.

A new idea struck Mr. Rainsworth's disordered imagination:—There were carousals going on below, at a time too, when his life was in danger:—this was the worthy crew that Mrs. Selwyn had brought into his house;—these were the people supported and encouraged by the *wise* and *excellent* Mr. Lansdowne;—but their merriment should be terminated in a way they little expected:—and in a moment Mr. Rainsworth formed the resolution of going down to surprise the revellers, and totally confound them, as he imagined, by his unexpected appearance. The strength of incipient mania nerved his frame, and, taking up the light, he left his room, and proceeded warily down the grand stair-case, which leading to a vestibule, was only separated from the hall by folding doors. At

these he listened, before he attempted to enter.—All within was death-like silence.

“ I have not been cautious enough,” thought Mr. Rainsworth: “ they have heard me, and are become mute.”

He now threw open the doors with violence, and presented a figure, which might indeed have appalled any beholder.—A flannel night-gown was thrown loosely over his brawny shoulders—the sleeves unoccupied—his legs and feet were entirely bare:—he had cast off his night-cap, and his grizzly hair stood up in disorder, increasing the harsh revengeful expression of his deep-lined countenance. The wild cunning of a delirious eye shot from beneath his scowling brows, and his large bony form looked colossal, as he held the light above his head, and looked intently forward.

“ Ha!” he exclaimed, “ they have fled;—but ’tis certain they have been here,” thought he, “ or why is that

centre lamp burning at this unusual hour:—"Tis dim, and no other light appears:—but, aye! I perceive," he cried, advancing with a quick step, "a table-cloth is spread, and something concealed beneath it.—They have absconded, and left their feast behind them, and thought to hide the delicacies prepared to tempt their pampered appetites.—Aye, let *me* see them!" he exclaimed, vehemently, tearing the cloth from the table.

What he would have added, congealed upon his parched lips:—he sprang back many paces, as the light fell from his hand, and his swelled eye-balls remained fastened on the livid features that were presented to them. His open mouth seemed vainly gasping for air, to save him from suffocation.—His trembling form gradually recoiled, and remained quivering, with excess of disorder. His hands were half elevated, as if wanting power to keep off some dreadful

object, and his whole aspect was such as could only be depicted by the deepest colouring of guilty horror. For a few moments he remained suspended in this state of agony indescribable; when instant and raging madness took possession of his brain, and he uttered the phrensied cry that brought Justinian to the spot, at the moment that the foaming maniac had seized the body, and was dragging it round the hall, with all the ferocity of desperate insanity.

A scene of so much horror was indeed calculated to suspend the powers of action in the strongest mind. Justinian quickly mastered the poignant panic of mingled consternation and disgust, which shot through his frame, and addressed Mr. Rainsworth in a tone of authority, commanding him to desist, and recollect himself. Then approaching him with dauntless intrepidity, he seized his arm, telling him that he must instantly retire to his

chamber, or forcible means would be employed to transport him there. Justinian was fully sensible, that though his form was athletic, and vigorously active, Mr. Rainsworth's ponderous right arm, (the wound was in the left,) stimulated by the strength of madness, might fell him at once to the ground; for he was unversed in the science of corporal defence; but a fearless demeanor he hoped would intimidate him.

The maniac endeavoured to shake off his grasp, demoniac grimaces distorted his countenance, and he eyed Justinian with that malignancy which seemed to say—"I would destroy you if I could: yet I dread you."

Relinquishing his hold of the inanimate form, he let it fall heavily on the marble, and permitted himself to be drawn a few steps towards the door, when he wrestled violently, and Justinian feared he should find it impossible to manage him without aid; yet

he dared not leave him to seek assistance, not doubting he would instantly commit some furious extravagance, or perhaps escape from the house; therefore, still endeavouring to retain his hold, he told him that two men had been left to watch the body, who certainly were in the adjoining room, and would appear the moment they were called on, but he should be sorry Mr. Rainsworth should be exposed to them in such a situation. Justinian spoke the truth; men had been stationed there, but what had become of them he knew not, and concluded that they could not be within hearing or certainly would have come forward. But as his opponent made a violent effort to throw him down, and had nearly fallen himself and dragged him down also, Justinian called loudly on the names of the men, hoping, if they did not hear, some one else might, when to his infinite relief, and no little astonishment, they came forth from an

adjoining apartment. It was not a time to inquire *why* they had not appeared before, it being impossible that they should not have heard the uproar occasioned by Mr. Rainsworth's horrible yells and imprecations. These he continued all the way back to his chamber, to which he was forcibly re-conducted by Justinian and his assistants. By that time every person who occupied apartments upon the first floor was alarmed, and the surgeon in amazement and dismay, took charge of his patient, retaining such assistants as were necessary.

Justinian hastened to awake the domestics in the other parts of the house, and send off for more medical aid, and then endeavoured to appease Mrs. Selwyn's alarm. She had left her chamber in extreme consternation, and was seeking some explanation of what had occurred.

Justinian afterwards returned to the hall, and replacing the body in the

situation from which it had been so roughly removed, he covered it decently with a sheet as it had been before, and locking all the doors that led to the hall he retired, confident that had he deputed any one to watch the body, the duty would not have been attended to in the confusion which now reigned. He subsequently discovered, that the men who had been before appointed to that office had endeavoured to make themselves comfortable in a room adjoining the hall, which they supposed to be admissible, provided that the door of the communication remained open. But when left to themselves they speedily closed it; they were simple rustics, full of superstitious fears, and influenced by a persuasion, that even the corporeal part of one who had been so very wicked during life could never be at rest after death. They were too much stimulated by apprehensive awe to permit of their slumbering in their chairs,

and had augmented each other's cowardice by relating terrific tales of supernatural appearances. When the horrible cries of Mr. Rainsworth met their ears, and the unaccountable sounds that followed, they were confirmed in the persuasion which instantly seized their minds, that infernal spirits were bearing off the body, and they fell down on their knees personifying the extremes of ignorant terror and dismay.

On hearing Mr. Lansdowne's voice they exchanged looks of joy, and both exclaimed at the same moment—"It is the Parson's! it is our young Parson's! if any body *can* cope with the D——l 'tis he!" And when they heard him call on their names, they were sufficiently reassured to obey the summons.

CHAPTER XIV.

JUSTINIAN, having performed all that appeared necessary for him to do at that juncture, repaired to Mr. Rainsworth's apartment, and found that by coercive measures he was rendered harmless, though he continued to rave incessantly. Every bandage had been torn from his wound by the violence of his exertions, and though the surgeon had once more dressed it, he entertained the most alarming apprehensions from the aspect it had assumed and the raging fever of the patient. Several attendants were now in waiting, and Justinian found that he could be spared for a few hours. He retired to the chamber prepared for him, hoping to obtain some repose to recruit him for entering on the painful duties of the day to come. That which gave

him the greatest uneasiness, was the task of communicating to Althea her father's actual state, which could no longer, with propriety, be concealed from one so nearly allied to him.

Justinian at length succeeded in gaining a few hours rest; but rose early, in order to give his instructions and letter to the clerk, and to see the children off.

On quitting his chamber he repaired to the parlour occupied by Mrs. Selwyn, whom he found at breakfast with the three boys. She had not been to bed since she had been so violently disturbed from her slumbers. The children were provided with every thing requisite for their comfort; the clerk was punctual, and with his credentials and his charges set off in a hired chaise by eight o'clock.

No change had taken place in Mr. Rainsworth. More medical men now arrived, and the result of their consultation was, that Mr. Rainsworth was in a desperate state, though they thought

it not improbable that his senses might return previous to dissolution. Justinian therefore determined to fulfil his intention regarding the will, and to have it ready for signature.

About ten o'clock the Coroner and his attendants arrived, and the witnesses being assembled and examined, a verdict of accidental death was pronounced, and the body delivered to the relatives of the deceased, who had a cart in waiting for it. They had been summoned from a distant village, and Justinian, understanding that they were persons of very indifferent character, did not permit them to depart without a strong and most affecting admonition, in reference to the fate of their daughter, whom it appeared they had not attempted to withdraw from a life of infamy.

No one had been able to ascertain the cause of Mr. Rainsworth's having left his apartment the preceding night; his attendant was obliged to plead

guilty to the charge of having slept, and it was concluded, that Mr. R. had wandered from his chamber in a fit of insanity.

Justinian transacted the business for which he detained the attorney, who promised to return in the evening with the instrument required. Lansdowne then joined Mrs. Selwyn, to consult with her on the best method of imparting to Miss Rainsworth the melancholy truth. Mrs. Selwyn declared herself unequal to taking any share in so painful a task, and conjured Mr. Lansdowne to take it upon himself, and with a heavy heart he set off for the cottage.

He found Althea partly prepared for the communication that awaited her ; she was questioning her brothers, in great agitation, when he entered. They had just returned from the village, and had learnt that Mr. Rainsworth was very ill, and that several medical men had been sent for during the night. Much more the youths had

heard, but concealed it from their sister, which she suspecting, was endeavouring to obtain from them, while she hurried on her bonnet and pelisse, resolved to set off for the Hall immediately. The moment she beheld Justinian, she exclaimed reproachfully—

“ Ah ! Mr. Lansdowne, why have you concealed this from me ? ”

Justinian assured her, that the preceding evening Mr. Rainsworth’s situation had excited little apprehension, and he himself had desired, that she might not be apprized of it ; but that his disorder had during the night taken an unfavourable turn, and the agitation of mind which he had endured had fallen on his nerves and affected his senses.

“ And what do the physicians say ? ” cried Althea, fixing a penetrating glance on Justinian’s face :

“ They are not sanguine,” he returned, casting his eyes on the ground, “ the fever is severe.”

“ Come,” said Althea to her brothers and sister, quickly moving towards the door, “ no time is to be lost.”

“ Stop, I entreat you”—cried Justinian in the most supplicating tone, and with an aspect full of distress, “ only hear what I have to say—your presence can be of no service—and—”

“ How !” exclaimed Althea with amazement, “ can *you* advise my absence at *such* a moment : No, no ! you know, and so do I,”—she continued, with a look of anguish —“ where a daughter’s post should be at *such* a time !” She hurried forward :

“ But—but my dear Miss Rainsworth,” said Justinian, his countenance expressing the utmost solicitude and apprehension, “ you must not—you cannot see the sufferer ; he would not recognize you ; and—”

“ Not see him !” she exclaimed, then stopping with a start, and fixing her eyes full on Justinian, she slowly pronounced “ He is no more.”

“ No, you are mistaken, I have not deceived you : but indeed my dearest friend, you must not see him : nay,” continued Justinian, averting his face, “ you must not even be within hearing : I therefore conjure you to remain where you are ; you shall have the earliest intelligence of any change that may occur, and I will myself incessantly watch over the object of your anxiety.”

Althea had turned very pale ; but she again proceeded, observing—

“ I will at least be within call ; a sudden change may take place, and to be away at such a time—never, never could I forgive myself.”

Justinian followed her with mingled admiration and regret. She had not proceeded far when she relaxed her pace, and with a dubious look said to her sister—“ Ellen, perhaps you had better go back ; but no, in a remote apartment we will remain, quite out of the way.” She hurried forward

again, reluctant to leave the child at home with only a servant. Her brothers, she was resolved, should not be spared any scene, from consideration to their feelings, which was likely to make an indelible impression on their hearts, and warn them from the path of vice. Their ardent, masculine minds, might profit by so strong a lesson, without being too much shocked. On that point Justinian entirely agreed with Althea, though his tenderness for her made him anxious to shelter her from every painful impression. Not another word was spoken during their melancholy walk.

Mrs. Selwyn, convinced that Althea would not be deterred from repairing to the hall, had prepared apartments for her accommodation, to which she and her sister were, on their arrival, immediately conducted. They were in a wing of the house remote from Mr. Rainsworth's chamber, but Althea had a purpose which she resolved to

fulfil, though she mentioned it to no one but Mrs. Selwyn. This was to *see* her father, and ascertain his precise situation, without discovering herself, and in the dusk of the evening, while the medical gentlemen and Justinian were at dinner, she put on a servant's cloak and bonnet, and repaired to the door of her father's chamber. She listened with a throbbing heart, and streaming eyes, for some minutes, and heard him talking incessantly though not very loud, for he was luckily more calm at that moment than he had been for many hours, but what he said was sufficiently incoherent to prove his mental derangement. Althea then ventured to open the door: she saw three men sitting in different parts of the room, but her father lying apparently quiet in bed; she was not aware that any means were taken to secure him. No one noticed the opening of the door, and having satisfied herself, Althea retired with a more composed

mind, resolved often to repeat this duty; and if her father continued calm, to assume her place about him; for she little imagined the hideous spectacle that a moment's change sometimes presented in him. She could not feel persuaded, that a child had performed her duty, who rested satisfied with any report from others respecting the situation of a parent, whom she had the power of visiting, nor could be acquitted of neglect, in omitting to ascertain it, at any expense of her *own feelings*.

CHAPTER XV.

THE solicitor did not disappoint Justinian, and, at his request, promised to call again the next day, in the hope that Mr. Rainsworth might have recovered his senses, and should desire any alteration to be made in his will. But it was towards the evening of the second day, and the physicians had pronounced that Mr. Rainsworth could not long survive, when he awoke from a perturbed sleep, apparently in possession of his reason. Justinian was by his bed-side, when having ascertained by his eyes and speech, which was low and rational, complaining of dreadful dreams, he immediately released him from the late necessary confinement. The physicians administered a cordial, which a little renovated

the patient, who was previously extremely low, and who owned that he believed he was dying. Justinian addressed him for some time in a low tone, and with most earnest look and manner, as he knelt by his bed-side. Mr. Rainsworth gave an affirmative reply, and preparations were immediately made for his receiving the pledge of his professed faith. He did not object to his children being present—Althea partook of the sacred ceremony, which, always inexpressibly affecting, was rendered so deeply awful under such circumstances, that she was compelled to leave the chamber the moment it was concluded. Mr. Rainsworth had, it might be said, for the first time in his life, prayed fervently, and Justinian *hoped effectually*; but he did not now seek further to awaken Mr. Rainsworth's conscience, which would have been to call back insanity; and Justinian relied so little

on the efficacy of a death-bed repentance, and attached so little weight to the professed abhorrence of crimes we have no longer the power or inclination to commit, that he considered this no part of those conditional laws on which we are offered the free gift of redemption. He had pressed the decent adherence to the rights of his religion on Mr. Rainsworth at that moment, in order to banish the horror of a profane exit from life ; and to leave him in hopes of pardon from Him who alone could pronounce judgment !

On perceiving that Mr. Rainsworth continued composed, Justinian told him that the will had been drawn up by the solicitor, who was in the house, and who would read it to him, if he wished it. Mr. Rainsworth consented ; but before he had heard it through, he began to ask questions which betrayed confusion of ideas, and he made no

comment on the mention of the three younger children; and on the solicitor's proposing, that he should sign it, he would have attempted it, but Justinian interfered, observing, "Mr. Rainsworth does not exactly understand what we mean—This must not be Mr. B.—we will wait a little."

The attorney looked as if he thought Lansdowne too scrupulous, though an incoherent observation from Mr. Rainsworth shewed a wandering mind. Justinian proposed leaving him for a short time to compose himself, but trusting he would revive again, he retained the solicitor. Mr. Rainsworth slept for two hours calmly, when Justinian found him clearly in his senses, and the will was again presented to him, and supported by the two physicians in waiting, he endeavoured to peruse it, but his eye sight was completely dimmed, and the attorney again read the will aloud, when Mr. Rainsworth again objected to the mention of his

illegitimate children. This was evidence, that he clearly comprehended what he heard, and Justinian addressed him in the most urgent manner, reminding him that he had just virtually vowed to discard all rancorous and revengeful sentiments from his breast, and the opportunity was now afforded him, perhaps the last, of proving his sincerity. Much more did Justinian say, but the concluding words alone reached the ears of those at a distance:—they were, “and doeth that which is lawful and right, shall save his soul alive.”

Mr. Rainsworth at length accepted the pen, and with difficulty traced his name, in presence of the witnesses, who also added their signatures. Before the solicitor left the room, Mr. Rainsworth said that he wished Mr. Lansdowne's name to be inserted as one of the guardians; those nominated were originally appointed by

Mr. Rainsworth in his former will. They were most respectable men, and related to his family, and as they still lived, Justinian observed, that he thought it better no alteration should take place in respect to them, if Mr. Rainsworth did not most particularly desire it.

Justinian did not wish to have an active part assigned to himself in this will, as he had so strongly influenced Mr. Rainsworth, in regard to it; and he thought it would look like an officious design, on his part, of securing future influence over the members of the family. Mr. Rainsworth admitted his objection, without further comment, and the solicitor retired. Althea now pressed to be admitted, and her brothers and sister followed her into the chamber. Mr. Rainsworth was growing very restless, and paid little attention to what was passing; but on being told by Justinian, that his children were kneel-

ing round his bed, he pronounced an almost inarticulate blessing on them. Althea's warm tears moistened his hand—he became sensible of it, and whispered—

“ Ah! my poor child, I have cost you tears enough; you will have nothing to grieve for in my loss, and I desire that it may not postpone your union with that excellent young man.”

Althea could admit but *one* thought at a moment on which the awful doom of a parent's soul seemed suspended; she therefore only felt his words as denoting a sentiment of tenderness, which increased her commiseration for him. She soon perceived, from the momentary increasing insanity of the sufferer, and other frightful symptoms, that the tremendous moment was fast approaching; and though half paralyzed with horror, she could not be prevailed on to quit him, by

the united supplications of Justinian, Mrs. Selwyn, and the medical attendants, till wholly overpowered with the scene, in which she found herself not only useless, but burdensome, her father having lost all consciousness of her presence, she permitted Mrs. Selwyn to lead her from the chamber.

The last struggles of nature soon after assumed a violent character, and the torturing remembrance of scenes long past, suddenly returned upon the sinner, who now, as throughout every stage of his phrensy, seemed pursued incessantly by the image of his wife; who sometimes, as a ghastly livid form, seemed dragging him to her tomb, and then again in the shape of an appalling skeleton, drawing him down to eternal perdition, and threatening to stand in judgment against him at the last great account.

The cheerless gloom of darkness had not given place to approaching day,

when the impious and dissolute life of this “man of crimes” was terminated, by a violent and agonizing death.

Great indeed was the relief experienced by the humane spectators, who condemned themselves to witness such a scene, when they at length beheld the tortured and convulsed frame suddenly stilled in the torpor of death.

Justinian breathed freely for the first time for many preceding hours; his respiration had been checked and agitated by the anguish of his sympathizing bosom, and it now returned with freedom. How often in the course of that night had the remembrance of his father’s dying hours returned upon his mind—the calm, seraphic, blissful termination of the good Ontario’s holy life—the subject of his latest studies, which lay open beside him, presenting the grounds of his exquisite confidence. How consolatory, how encouraging to him, was every line he there could trace;—but

to the wretched sinner, whose breathless body Justinian's eyes still rested on, *how* distracting! how terrific! were those imperishable truths.

Justinian sunk on his knees, and prayed most fervently for several minutes, when he withdrew from the scene, leaving it free for those to act whose presence was then required.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ensuing morning Justinian returned to his humble home, and did not revisit Rainsworth Hall till the day of the funeral. The subsequent evening, Althea, with her domestic group, eager to leave a residence which was rendered loathsome, by the associations connected with it, retook possession of her cottage. Her eldest brother declared he would dispose of the mansion as soon as it was in his power; in the meantime, the estate was let to the best advantage; a measure which was necessary to free it from incumbrance.

When Justinian had leisure to recall, and calmly reflect on the impressive events still so recent, he felt that their issue must deeply colour his future days, by offering him a greater

portion of earthly happiness than he thought he had any right to aspire to, or by bringing on him a disappointment more severe than any he had ever experienced. Mr. Rainsworth's last words to his daughter, though she imagined they had reached no ear but her's, had not escaped Justinian, who had also been near;—they implied a persuasion in Mr. Rainsworth's mind, that his daughter was attached to, and intended espousing, Justinian, who nevertheless could not indulge any confident expectation on that head.—He could not for some time, with propriety, attempt to ascertain what grounds of hope might now exist for him. Indeed, he questioned what part he ought to act, under this revolution of Althea's circumstances: she was acquainted with his sentiments; she knew that he would have sacrificed comparative wealth to share her destiny, and had not ceased to importune her on that head, while she

was portionless. But now she was mistress of a handsome competence;—then surely it remained with her to decide whether she would share it with him. Supplication, on his part, must cease; her own free will and inclinations must alone bias her decision. He had renewed, and now continued, his visits at the cottage, on the guarded footing of a friend, to which he endeavoured, as far as was in his power, to constrain his demeanor, and waited for some decided encouragement from Althea, ere he ventured to exchange that character for one more tender. She, on her part, penetrated all his feelings and sentiments, and well understood the delicacy which sealed his lips. She was sensible of a great degree of awkwardness in her situation, and though her resolution was entirely fixed, she shrunk from the idea of imparting it, unsolicited, to him whom it so deeply concerned: at least, for the present,

she found shelter in her recent loss, from the necessity of adopting a measure called for by every claim of gratitude, and due to Justinian's pure and disinterested attachment.

Meanwhile he met from her the encouragement of a most affectionate friend, the deference and attention of one who entertained the highest opinion of him ; yet, this so far from elating him with sanguine hopes, rather induced apprehension, that by a calm and steady friendship she sought to reconcile him to disappointment. Thus his mind was far from being at ease ; but no anxiety of his own ever rendered him unmindful of the interest of others. He had made it his business to ride over to the school where Mr. Rainsworth's younger children were placed, and to ascertain that they were comfortably and advantageously situated. He had explained their peculiar circumstances to the master, assuring him that they were

neither friendless nor dependent, and if they proved worthy, might rely upon the kindness of Mr. Rainsworth's family.

Althea's elder brothers were now to be placed under the private tuition of a clergyman whom Justinian recommended ; he himself had not time to devote to that office, and, as Althea often thought, to dedicate his fine talents to the drudgery of teaching individual youth, would have been almost abusing the gift.

It was now a long period since Justinian had heard from Mr. Delaval. The image of Lord St. Maurice still very frequently returned upon his mind ; but it always excited that painful sensation, with which we recal the remembrance of some dear friend, for ever lost. He thought he could now have been content, if he could only know the reason of his brother's unaccountable conduct, but lost in vague suggestions respecting

every possible motive for his behaviour, Justinian wearied his mind by reflecting on it. He looked in vain in the daily papers for any account of Lord St. Maurice's marriage with Miss Delaval, an event which he concluded would long since have taken place.

It was many weeks after the death of Mr. Rainsworth, when Justinian at length received the following communication in a hurried letter from Mr. Delaval—

LETTER.

“My dear Justinian,

I have just obtained possession of the important packet so long in the custody of Mr. Smith's family, and which contains your lamented father's last will and testament, sealed and directed to “Justinian, Lord St. Maurice:” but as there can be no question of its being intended for you, I beg to know whether you wish it to be forwarded to you, or whether we may

expect you in town on this occasion. The latter plan I should advise you to adopt. I write in great haste, and have only time to subscribe myself,

Yours most truly,

W. DELAVAL."

The information contained in this letter excited considerable agitation in Justinian's breast, and principally from the idea, that there would now be an absolute necessity for his being confronted with his brother, in whose presence alone, he thought the will could, with propriety, be opened. It might legally be considered as addressed to him, and Justinian sincerely believed, on account of the similarity of name, and his own illegitimacy, it could interest his brother alone. He immediately determined on going to London, and setting off the following Monday : it was now Friday, and he wrote to Mr. Delaval, imparting this intention, and requesting him to ap-

prize Lord St. Maurice, that the will could be opened *only* in his presence.

When Justinian informed his friends at the cottage that he was about to leave them, a general start affected the group, and all eyes turned anxiously on his face, except Althea's, which were instantly cast down. But when he immediately added, that it was his intention to be at home by the following Saturday, each expressed their satisfaction, but again with the exception of Althea ; Justinian was a little mortified in observing during the evening that she appeared in better spirits, and less embarrassed than she had been of late—nay, seemed as if she had heard some agreeable intelligence, and he felt hurt that she should rejoice at the prospect of his temporary absence, otherwise, she was not less kind than usual.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE journey to town proved tedious to Justinian, though he travelled night and day ; but the full expectation of seeing his brother, and his anxiety to know how Lord St. Maurice would conduct himself on the approaching occasion, agitated his breast, and rendered him impatient to reach his destination. He arrived in London in the course of Tuesday, and immediately proceeded to Portland Place. He was received by Mr. Delaval, and each member of his family, with that warm affection and hospitality they had ever displayed towards him. True, Laura's welcome was not *quite* so animated, nor was it attended by the agitation that had once accompanied it, for pride at the conviction of his indifference, and the adulation of a host of admirers,

had reduced her attachment to the standard of sisterly regard. Justinian only looked at her to wonder how he could ever have thought her so very fascinating even in person.

Mr. Delaval soon led the way to his study, and on being alone with him, Justinian eagerly inquired if Lord St. Maurice were in town, and his heart bounded on receiving an affirmative answer. Mr. Delaval now presented to him the packet of papers, which Justinian laid on the table with a sigh, caused by the sight of his father's handwriting. He then asked if Lord St. Maurice had been apprized that his presence was required? Mr. Delaval looked embarrassed; then replied that Lord St. Maurice had declined being present at the opening of the will under a persuasion that it could not concern him.

“How,” exclaimed Justinian, in amazement, and with some warmth—but checking himself, he continued—

“ I am aware that the entailed property, which is his, as the legal heir, cannot be affected by this document, and all that was at my father’s disposal, on which account alone a will might have been required, doubtless by right of name and title will be equally Lord St. Maurice’s. I cannot feel, that I have any thing to do, in a legal point of view, with this testament, and should decline reading it ; but aware that he who penned it intended it for my perusal, and perhaps may have expressed it in terms demonstrative of that tender affection which———”

Justinian’s voice faltered, but rallying his self-command, he added quickly, leaving unfinished what he would have said, “ I had hoped, that Lord St. Maurice would have endured my presence on this occasion ; and that the respect due to him, whose idea he once appeared to cherish with filial veneration, would have given rise to another line of conduct ; but——”

Justinian could not proceed ; he was affected to a most painful degree by his brother's extreme unkindness ; the tremulous tone of his voice betrayed his emotion, and begging Mr. Delaval to excuse him for a few moments, he left the room and paced the gallery for some time, endeavouring to recover his composure. An approaching step caused him to retire to an apartment which he supposed to be vacant, but where he beheld Lord St. Maurice traversing the floor with an agitated gait and clouded brow. Both started with a simultaneous emotion—the glow of consanguinity bloomed in each face, and for a moment it seemed that they would have sprang to each other's arms, but the next Lord St. Maurice quickly averted his glance from the bright countenance of his brother, and retired towards an opposite door.

Justinian instantly advanced with dignity and firmness : his features now expressed a deep sense of injury, and

the influence of some cruel mortification wholly unmerited.

“ Lord St. Maurice !” he pronounced emphatically, “ I demand your attention—not for myself, but on your own account—I am here on *your* business ; *me* it can little concern, and I must request that you will not delay it by obstinately absenting yourself—I only require your presence for a very short time ; that passed, it will remain for you to decide whether we ever meet again.”

Lord St. Maurice’s countenance now betrayed much perturbation, and he made an ineffectual effort to speak ; when, as if merely from inability to explain his reasons for at first refusing, he waved his hand for Justinian to lead the way, and followed him to the study.

Mr. Delaval raised his benevolent eyes to their flushed countenances ; each betraying equal disturbance. Lord St. Maurice addressed him in a captious tone, saying—

“ I am *constrained* to appear here, though you, Sir, know how reluctantly, and to what little purpose,—but Mr. Lansdowne, with his characteristic pertinacity, *insists* upon carrying this point; I therefore am ready to listen to what I already know by anticipation.”

The cold appellation — *Mr. Lansdowne*, fell like a heavy weight of ice on Justinian's heart: a deep sigh escaped him, and taking up the packet, he broke the seal, and finding that it contained no private letter to himself, and merely consisted of the parchment designated “the will,” he presented it to Mr. Delaval, requesting that he would read it aloud. But Lord St. Maurice immediately interfered, saying—*that* would not be agreeable to him, and he must request, that Mr. Lansdowne would read it, in the first place, to himself.

It instantly struck Justinian, that Lord St. Maurice apprehended some allusion to his unfortunate mother,

and he therefore acceded to his wish, and commenced the perusal of the will in silence. Not many lines had he scanned when his features betrayed great agitation, his respiration became short, and as he proceeded he looked frequently from the parchment to Mr. Delaval, and at his brother, with looks of mingled astonishment, tenderness, and distress. His trembling hand at length relinquished the important testament, and, concealing his face, he appeared to be overcome by some powerful emotion ; then, suddenly turning to Lord St. Maurice, and grasping the hand which was reluctantly yielded to him, he exclaimed—

“Oh ! if you loved me as a brother, this would be the happiest moment of my life.”

Justinian thought there was a slight inclination to return the firm pressure of his hand, but it was momentary ; when Lord St. Maurice rose precipitately and withdrew towards the door,

saying, in a hurried manner, “ I am perfectly prepared for the contents and purport of that will, however they may astonish you : I must refer you to Mr. Delaval for all further explanations.” With these words Lord St. Maurice disappeared ; and Justinian cast a look of extreme surprise on Mr. Delaval, who inquired how the will was worded ; Justinian begged he would read it. It ran thus :—

“ The last will and testament of *Charles Justinian Lansdowne*, Baron St. Maurice, long known as the exile Ontario, in a certain district (specified) and subsequently under the name of Young, at ——— near ——— in the United States of America. I, commonly called Lord St. Maurice, do hereby bequeath to my son, Justinian Lansdowne, born June —, 17—, and baptized by Henry Bloomfield, July — —, the whole of my property, landed, funded, and personal, subject to a jointure of one thousand per an-

num to his mother, Marian, my lawful wife."

Mr. Delaval here observed, that the late Lord St. Maurice had so particularized the son whom he constituted his heir, and had been so accurate in dates and other circumstances, that the similarity of the name could not confound him with his brother, even in the eye of the law. He then proceeded to read a still more circumstantial repetition to the same effect, and statements relative to the situation and nature of the property; the whole terminated with these lines:—

" Though I have taken every means in my power to render unquestionable the legitimacy of my beloved son, the same Justinian Lansdowne, thus constituted my heir, and believe it can never be disputed, I am nevertheless satisfied that even *if* that were possible, he is still, and equally, by this instrument, rendered my lawful heir—my whole property being, with the excep-

tion of a trifling income attached to the title, at my own disposal, free from the restraints of any entail, or legal demand, which could give any other individual a just claim to it."

"What does this mean Sir?" cried Justinian, appealing to Mr. Delaval.

"I will tell you," returned he, "but first let me congratulate you, my dear Justinian, on being truly and indisputably the heir of your father's possessions."

"I would not have it so," said Justinian, with serious energy, "it would give me pain, Sir; though I should rejoice in a share of what might with propriety be my portion: but pray explain."

Mr. Delaval returned — "What I am about to impart to you did not come to my knowledge till about a year ago. You may recollect that my dear friend, your father, mentions in his journal, that the first four years of his unfortunate marriage proved fruitless.

Lady St. Maurice apprehended that she never should become a mother, and considering that if her Lord should prematurely die, all her consequence would sink with him, and the chief part of his property descend to strangers ; she prevailed on him, who was the slave of her will, to destroy the entail of his lands. This he had the power of doing : and, under the same influence, he made a will assigning every thing to her Ladyship for her life-time. This he no doubt subsequently destroyed ; and what we now have before us must and will be abided by : thus Lady St. Maurice has proved her son's worst enemy and your best friend."

Justinian only shook his head with a dubious look : Mr. Delaval continued—

" It seems, that Lady St. Maurice for many years experienced but little uneasiness on this subject, being satisfied that her injured Lord, though he

might destroy the will in her favour, would never make another, in which case his property would, by hereditary right, be her son's. But when she found that he had another son, and had left a will, though it had not yet appeared, she was filled with dismay, apprehending that through the finesse by which she had sought to secure her own advantage, her son would be left with little more than an empty title. But she never expressed her fears, nor was any one acquainted with the transaction that gave rise to them; the persons who were once privy to it having ceased to exist. The late Lord St. Maurice never imparted it to me; and I can well imagine the motive of his silence. Her Ladyship, I fancy, still cherished hopes that the will would never appear; and, therefore, concealed from her son the uncertainty that involved his fortune, till thrown off her guard by the violence of her feelings. But she encouraged him to

seek your friendship and affection, and even to think of studying for a profession in case of the worst; but he was the last person to whom she would have revealed her motives for such advice, had not the fury of her passions mastered every consideration."

Mr. Delaval here hesitated, and then observed — " But I believe I am transgressing the restrictions St. Maurice has imposed upon me. In desiring *me* to *explain*, I hardly know how far he wished me to go."

" Oh ! Sir," cried Justinian, " it is *his* conduct alone that puzzles me ; let that be unravelled ; what you refer to is comparatively unimportant. This will is acceptable in as much as it secures to me a portion, which as a second son I think may, with propriety, be mine ; but surely you cannot imagine, that I would permit it to affect Lord St. Maurice, or deprive him of what his birth and title render his own, and what his father and mine would

have made him master of, could he have been aware of his existence? Certainly, Mr. Delaval, you must know me better than to suspect I could act such a part! Lord St. Maurice will feel what is due to himself, and what is due to my affection for him, too justly to hesitate a single moment to assume his rights; only tell me, my dear Sir, why my brother has treated me so cruelly! give me a reason which can excuse him, and I shall be satisfied?"

Mr. Delaval seized Justinian's hand and pressed it with much emotion, as he said—

" You are all that I believed you to be! and I will unveil your brother's mysterious conduct, though at the risk of displeasing him. It was never approved of by me, though I fully understood his motives, and knew that they sprang from a too scrupulous delicacy; but you have on this occasion so perfectly revealed your heart and

all its dictates, that nothing I may now say can be supposed to influence you."

"Your brother, wholly ignorant that there existed a possibility of his being deprived of his birthright, sought you in a feigned character, with no other view than to cultivate your affection, and in furtherance of a romantic scheme of surprising you into loving him, in defiance of the reflection then cast on his parentage; which, in his own person, he believed would render him obnoxious and disgusting to you. That he succeeded in his design your heart will vouch for. After the extraordinary mistake which led you to his mother's residence, and your discovery of Lady St. Maurice, he had to endure from her the bitterest reproaches. She was possessed with a persuasion, that you had sought her for the purpose of insulting her; and when St. Maurice took your part, she implicated him in the design, accusing both alike. In the paroxysm of fury that succeeded,

she revealed every thing that she thought could torment and mortify him, and exultingly declared the uncertainty of his future prospects, adding—that there was every probability of your being the sole heir to all your father's possessions, and that he would be left in comparative penury. St. Maurice was for a time overpowered with consternation ; but his mother roused him by further acknowledging, that she had been induced to advise his cultivating an intimacy with you solely with a view of securing your friendship, in case it should become important ; and having heard, that you were, as she termed it, a *tame* spirited person, with neither ambition to shine in circles of rank, nor taste for splendour, but wholly devoted to study and religious pursuits, she trusted that he would gain dominion over your affections, and by those fascinations, which he can exert when he pleases, so subjugate you to his purpose, as to induce

you voluntarily to resign to him that which you might not be inclined to enjoy yourself. All these views Lady St. Maurice betrayed to her son while thrown off her guard by excessive indignation, and St. Maurice's noble nature shrunk with abhorrence from such designs. He was in despair at the persuasion, that they would be imputed to him by every one who knew of the clandestine manner in which he had obtained your friendship; and if ever the will should appear, it would seem immediately to account for his great anxiety to secure your regard, which might puzzle many who could not enter into his feelings. That you *yourself* might naturally draw such an inference, above all most distressed and afflicted him. His spirit boiled, as he expressed it, at the thought of the meanness which he should appear to have been guilty of—in stealing on your affections from interested motives. You may remember

that on parting with you, he promised an explanation, which it was then his full intention to enter on, for he had only to own the pure and genuine impulse, that had actuated his conduct; but after his mother's communication, he felt overpowered with shame and confusion. He knew that you were ignorant of the circumstance which gave you so deep an interest in your father's will, but it might one day be revealed to you, and then in what a light should he appear. The only way to avoid the odium he so dreaded, was to drop all kind of intercourse with you, and suffer you to think him ungrateful, fickle, proud, in short, any thing that was likely to alienate him from your heart, and cancel his every future claim on your affection; and this opprobrium he determined to endure, until your fortunes were decided. To my daughter he disclosed every thing; her attachment was not of a nature to be affected by such a dis-

covery, though she agreed to the propriety of deferring her nuptials. To me, St. Maurice was little less reserved, but he bound us all to secrecy, and even restricted us from mentioning him in our letters to you, in any way that could keep alive your regard. He saw all your correspondence with me, and often was affected, even to tears, by the manner in which you alluded to him."

"Oh! Sir," interrupted Justinian, rising precipitately, "let me go to my brother, and claim the long arrears of kindness which he owes me."

"Yet hear me, my dear Justinian," said his friend, "and do not suppose that St. Maurice has been happy under the deprivation of your regard; he has been far otherwise, and it is through his exertions that we have at length obtained this important document. By incessant application to higher authorities, he succeeded in effecting the liberation of Mr. Smith's family,

so long detained as prisoners of war, and who, during that time, had no means of forwarding any papers through a safe medium. They therefore prudently retained the packet till they could deliver it in person, and it being directed under cover to me, they gave it into my charge."

"But, Sir," cried Justinian, inattentive to Mr. Delaval's words, "will *you* go to my brother? Tell him of the declaration I made before I heard a single word in explanation of his conduct. Tell him too, that I even think myself presumptuous for making it, because I still doubt whether, by a legal process, much might not be done to establish the justice of his claims. Tell him," continued Justinian, smiling, "I am not inclined for a law-suit, and think it better to resign with a good grace what I have no right to—and tell him, my dear Sir, not to mortify me so much as to consider me in any other light than that of his younger

brother, without any reference to the misfortune of my birth, and let me possess what, as such, I might be entitled to!"

Mr. Delaval grasped his hand, and left him, in order to comply with his request. He remained longer absent than Justinian's impatience could brook, and he followed to seek him. As he approached the door of the apartment, which Mr. Delaval had entered, Justinian heard his brother say, in an elevated and petulant tone—

"Do not urge me, Sir. How can you think that I would so abuse his noble generosity, and take advantage of such heavenly sentiments? No; though I would at this moment sacrifice years of my existence, to take him to my heart, and tell him all that it has suffered on his account."

St. Maurice's speech was arrested by the precipitate entrance of his brother—

Justinian's open arms were irresist-

ible. St. Maurice fell upon his neck, and concealed his burning cheek on the shoulder of that beloved being, whom he strained to his heart with a fervour not surpassed by that which met it.



CHAPTER XVIII.

Most happy, indeed! were the first hours of this re-union. Justinian would not permit them to be sullied by any reference to the circumstances, under which he was restored to his brother: the past alone was to be dwelt on, and all that each had thought, and feared, and suffered, was, without reserve, revealed.

When the concerns of the future again came to be canvassed, as was indispensable, St. Maurice still proved very refractory, when Justinian observed—

“ To you, my brother, I owe, what in my estimation is the first distinction that can be conferred on man. Had you not existed to annihilate at once my ambitious views, I might have been thrown into a vortex of temptations,

destructive of all my better dispositions ; instead of being dedicated as I now am, to the highest calling upon earth, from which I derive the purest satisfaction. And now when that specious underminer of temperance and moderation, *wealth*, would beset me, *you* are here to rescue me from the danger which, coward as I am, I dare not hazard."

" Ah ! Justinian," returned his brother, with the glance of approving affection, " how much better qualified are you to cope with so subtle an enemy. *I* should fall into his toils without even perceiving them, and perhaps the task of dragging me out would be more than even you could perform."

" I will never have it to do," said Justinian, fondly smiling on him ; " I will keep a vigilant look out, and timely warn you of the danger. I shall see clearer for you than I should for myself, were I dazzled by the in-

fluence of power and splendour. *Now* those distinctions are of no value to me, for I feel that they might interfere with all that I have at heart; for how do I know that my indifference to them would continue? Believe me, that one of the most distressing vicissitudes I could be subject to, would be that of being placed in so eminent a situation as must inevitably change the field of my duties, and call my attention to those various claims which belong to a noble station—but to see it filled by the being—at least the man whom I love most—”

St. Maurice interrupted him, demanding, with an arch look,

“And pray in whose favour was that *clause* introduced, my good brother? A *female* claimant evidently—I will give place to no other.”

Justinian looked confused, but laughing off his embarrassment, he said,

“I will enlighten you on that head some other time.”

An involuntary sigh followed his words, though he had spoken with vivacity: it did not escape the observation of his brother, who said, with anxious curiosity,

“Surely *you* can have no reason to *sigh* on such a subject.”

Justinian returned, that he would be more explicit, when he could speak with greater certainty.

“How,” exclaimed St. Maurice, “could any woman in her senses keep *you* for a moment in uncertainty on such a point? Impossible!”

Justinian only shook his head, and changed the subject abruptly. He had some curiosity to know whether his brother had ever been subject to any further persecutions, on the part of Colonel Fitzgerald, but that was a name Justinian never pronounced, and a person he never alluded to, in presence of Lord St. Maurice. To Mr. Delaval therefore he appealed for information respecting that veteran in crime, who

it appeared was reduced to the extremity of poverty and degradation. Knowing that the depth of his villainess was revealed to Lord St. Maurice, he never attempted further to molest him; nor was there a human being in existence to whom he was not an object of abhorrence. Driven even from the most dissolute circles, where the means by which he insured success, when chance forsook him, were detected; disowned by every relative, he wandered through the lowest walks of life, subject to every humiliation, and with the prospect only of dying in an alms-house.

Justinian did not doubt that, on a thorough understanding of their mutual feelings, his brother would accede to his wishes, regarding the division of their father's possessions, from a conviction that, by so doing, he should most effectually promote their reciprocal happiness; and he had now but one cause of anxiety. Inde-

pendence and affluence he should command, and he might aspire to Althea ; but she had rejected him in poverty, and had evinced no disposition to relent, when fortune had smiled on her. Should he again sue, and be accepted, how could he feel that confidence in the genuine strength of her attachment, which would have afforded him such felicity, had she candidly avowed it when no longer portionless? He pictured to himself how she would have acted, had she entertained for him such sentiments as he wished to inspire ; and thus perplexity and uneasiness mingled in all his feelings, and checked his anticipations of the future. It already seemed to him a tedious time since he had beheld Althea ; and though he intended leaving London in the course of Friday, he was impatient to be on his return, notwithstanding the gratification which he derived from his brother's long coveted society. But he felt out of his

place when away from his flock, independent of the attachment which attracted him hither.

St. Maurice had hinted an inclination to pay him a visit, and Justinian longed to be getting the new parsonage ready for his reception.—That his fair bride would accompany him, he had no doubt, as he concluded the excursion was to take place subsequent to their nuptials. Justinian sighed, as he reflected on the ardour and steadiness of Miss Delaval's attachment to his brother, under all the vicissitudes of his prospects, and the perfect confidence that had ever existed between them:—"And yet," thought Justinian, "the woman whom I esteem the first of her sex, and who has flattered me with unbounded approbation, keeps me in a state of continual suspense, and deprives my bosom of tranquillity."

Thoughts like these had cost him a disturbed night, and he had joined the

family at breakfast, when Mr. Delaval, who had been opening several letters, found one under cover to himself, directed to the Rev. Mr. Lansdowne. He immediately presented it to Justinian, who no sooner looked on the superscription, than the mantling blood deeply died his face, and, precipitately rising, he retired, to peruse the letter; leaving his friends fully persuaded that it came from some very interesting quarter, though he had not uttered a syllable.

Justinian, though alone in his chamber, still felt so agitated, as with difficulty to open the letter, which he believed to be from Althea: it was certainly directed by her hand, and impressed with her seal. The contents were not calculated to render him more composed.

LETTER.

“ I know, my dear friend, nay, my dearest friend, has secretly injured

me!—he may *start*, but let him not attempt a vindication, for the justice of this accusation admits not of a doubt:—I have read it in his dejected countenance—I have detected it in his scrutinizing glance, and heard it in his suppressed tone of mingled sorrow and reproach. Though sensible, that a simple avowal of the truth, on my part, would in one moment prove his injustice, I had not power, or perhaps candour, enough to acknowledge it in his presence. Was it wonderful then, that I should experience satisfaction, when I found that a temporary absence would afford me the opportunity of confessing, on paper, and while he was at a distance, what my disingenuous tongue refused to utter?

I am still far less disinterested than my invaluable friend; I only seek what I know will secure my own happiness here, and lead me in the path of future and unfading felicity;—

he would have resigned every temporal advantage for me and mine.

If my letter be brief, it is at least *decisive*, and must be accepted as the genuine acknowledgement of sentiments, in no point inferior to the reciprocal attachment on which I so confidently rely.

Your

ALTHEA RAINSWORTH."

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. DELAVAL had frequently repeated, while he still retarded the breakfast, “ I hope nothing unpleasant has happened !—What can detain Justinian ? ” And St. Maurice began to look uneasy, and a general seriousness was stealing over the party ; still Justinian did not appear. At length his brother started up, saying, he *must* seek him ; and Justinian was roused from his happy contemplations, by a smart rap at his chamber-door, with a hurried repetition of his name. He instantly admitted St. Maurice, who no sooner looked on his face, than he warmly congratulated him, whatever the cause might be, that gave to his features an aspect of joy beyond expression.

Justinian had really forgotten his

breakfast, but the animated confusion with which he attempted an apology, on rejoining his friends, and the sparkling brilliancy of his eye, converted their apprehensions into pleasure, and drew on him their good humoured raillery.

Althea had directed her letter to Justinian, under cover to Mr. Delaval, knowing the friendship that existed between them, and that if the former were not a guest of Mr. Delaval, still the letter would reach its destination with little delay. She fully expected, that Justinian would return on Saturday night, but certainly not before. Such indeed had been his intention, but his friends in town were surprised to hear him declare, on Thursday morning, just after he had received his letter, that he should leave London in the course of *that* day, instead of the next, as he had before proposed. It was in vain that Mr. Delaval represented that

scarce any business had been transacted, and almost every thing remained to be done. Justinian begged to invest him with unlimited powers, to make every arrangement for the final adjustment of affairs, according to the determination he (Justinian) had irrevocably formed, and he promised to return to town whenever his presence was required.

His brother, to whom he had now revealed the secret of his heart, could well enter into his feelings, and therefore said not one word to delay his departure, though he deeply regretted it. He received his promise to return at the end of a month, to officiate at his nuptials, which were then to take place, and a visit of the parties to the Parsonage was to follow.

When Justinian once more caught a distant view of the newly erected dwelling, conspicuous, from its spotless whiteness, his ideas seemed to have found their home, and there

fixed upon the images of future years, rising to his mind in most alluring colours;—feelings, scenes, and interests, he imagined would be connected with that residence, which would render it inexpressibly dear to him. This anticipation afforded actual happiness, and for the moment it mattered not that they were founded on delusion, or that those walls would never witness the joyous hours, the serene days, the tranquil years, he now fondly believed they were destined to behold.

It was more than a year since he had first visited the scene he was now traversing: during that period a new and lively interest had been perfected in his heart, but it had no way intruded on his more important concerns. His mind and his soul were unaltered, save by progressive improvement; and on the side of happiness he had gained every thing: for none could be more pure than that he experienced in contemplating the dis-

tant village, in which, by his prompt and indefatigable exertions, under divine assistance, so salutary a revolution had been effected.

He left his travelling conveyance at the very spot where he had alighted the preceding year nearly at the same hour. The evening was advancing : he looked at his watch, it was half past seven ; in another half-hour he should be at Althea's cottage. Thither he immediately directed his steps, his joyful perturbation increasing every moment, under the expectation of so soon beholding the beloved object of his tenderest affection, the destined partner of his life. The earth scarce yielded to the impression of his light footsteps ; the stiles remained untouched by the active spring with which he cleared them—but his fruitless haste was suddenly checked by a voice, from some distance supplicating him to stop. He looked back, and perceived, far behind him, a poor old peasant, hobbling

forward as fast as his infirmities would permit. Justinian immediately returned to meet him, and recognised one of the many objects of his bounty. He bade him stop to recover himself, for the old man was so exhausted with the exertions he had made to overtake Mr. Lansdowne, that he had neither breath, nor power, to speak, and could only take off his hat, and lean trembling on his staff, casting a supplicating glance on the countenance that beamed benevolence on his aged head, whose grey hairs fluttered in the wind.

Justinian expressed his regret, that he had not been aware of the pursuit; at length the old man spoke, though still with difficulty. His prolix narration, interspersed with innumerable apologies for having called after Mr. Lansdowne, amounted in substance to the following effect. His wife was extremely ill and apprehended a fatal termination to her complaint, and had been much distressed lest Justinian

should not return in time for her to have the benefit of his attendance and prayers. In the faint hope, that he might arrive sooner than expected—the old man had watched for the coach, at a little distance, but Justinian had flown off so rapidly on alighting, as soon to leave his pursuer far behind. The suppliant terminated his appeal with an observation that, as his reverence seemed in a great hurry, a few hours after would be time enough, or perhaps the next morning.

“Is not your wife supposed to be in actual danger?” asked Justinian.

The old man shook his head, the muscles of his furrowed features were slightly convulsed, and he brushed the sleeve of his smock-frock across his eyes.

Justinian bade him follow at his leisure, and instantly changed the direction of his steps and pursued the path to the cottager's abode. It was widely separated from that he was so

anxious to reach, and he immediately foresaw the entire disappointment of his hopes of beholding Althea on that evening, as he calculated that he could not fulfil his duty and be with her much before ten o'clock, at which hour Mrs. Selwyn retired to rest; and though her young friend generally sat up later, it would not be a season for Justinian to present himself. The poor invalid was revived both in mind, and body, by his salutary and unexpected visit; she was not indeed so ill as he had expected to find her, but he could not have forgiven himself, had he omitted to see her on that night. He again looked at his watch on quitting the lonely roof, and revolving the considerations that had before occurred, he reluctantly proceeded homeward.

CHAPTER XX.

ALTHEA, whose mind had not been free from agitation since she had dispatched her letter, rose very early on the day that it was *possible* she might receive an answer, and though Justinian was expected on the evening of that day, and it therefore was not probable that he should write, she dispatched a most trusty emissary to the Post Office, and anxiously watched for his return. It was earlier than her usual breakfast hour, when she perceived Justinian himself swiftly approaching. It needed not the sight of her loved form, visible at the window, to accelerate his steps. For a moment Althea felt quite overpowered with confusion, but the next, remembering what was due to Justinian, and above affectation, she obeyed her feelings,

and received him as the acknowledged object of her choice, and future husband.

Their mutual felicity was too complete to admit augmentation at that period; so that when Althea learnt how fortune had smiled on Justinian, she only exulted in having owned her predilection ere that circumstance was known to her; that he had regained his brother's confidence gave her much pleasure.

Justinian had found a letter at home, from one of his earliest friends in America: it contained information of the death of Marian's second husband, who had engaged in a mercantile concern, with the money arising from the property which he had no right to, and in some transaction with the Indians had given them offence, who subsequently contrived his death by means too horrible to be related.

If with the same celerity which bears us back through retrospective

ages, we now spring forward, over a few brief years of bliss, as pure as mortals ever tasted, we may behold Lord St. Maurice presenting a strong, if not a perfect resemblance, of that distinguished genuine nobleman, once pictured by his brother as the model on which to form himself, at a period when he seemed destined to fill an exalted worldly station. Under his influence Lord St. Maurice had become what he now was—the munificent patron of every public means of benefiting his fellow creatures, even to the “ends of the earth,” and the never failing friend of every individual, who merited encouragement or relief. The largest portion of his time was spent at his principal estate: over the adjacent parish his beloved brother now presided, in possession of the living in the gift of his family. His former one, Justinian had resigned, a voluntary gift, to an excellent, unbenighted clerical friend, who was well calculated to suc-

ceed him. True, his talents were not so brilliant, nor was his eloquence so forcible; but he thoroughly understood, and ably expounded the doctrine he was appointed to preach; and as perfectly supported the character it exacted. Justinian had long since taught his hearers, that it was not the charm of a favourite preacher, that should attract them to church, but a regular spirit of devotion which should actuate their constant attention to public, as well as private duty. Many who had been drawn to hear him on account of his reputation, were by him so instructed, as to listen to his successor, in the pure spirit of religion. Thus was exemplified, the benefit of that powerful rhetoric, which can arouse the sluggish soul, and also clear and prepare the heart for the reception of pious instruction, from every solid and respectable source, however unadorned.

The Parsonage, which he himself

had planned, was *not* the scene of Justinian's anticipated happiness ; for at the period of his marriage, he removed to his new living, and Althea, his devoted wife, rejoiced in quitting a neighbourhood which had been the theatre of much that she wished to forget. Both were delighted with every thing that met their eyes, in and about their future residence. A worthy predecessor had left Justinian comparatively little to do ; the scene was every thing his heart, and taste, approved : and the view of his brother's princely mansion completed the charms of his own comfortable and elegant abode. *There* might be seen plenty without extravagance, cheerfulness without levity, charity without ostentation, piety without formality, and pure christianity as a steady lamp illuminating all, shining through each, and tempering every sentiment and sensation.

As years passed on, Justinian and

Althea proved that temporal happiness is not incompatible with the pursuit of eternal felicity, but on the contrary, can only be experienced in reality, when built on the anticipation of that inestimable gift.

Lord St. Maurice was not less happy in domestic life, though denied the blessings Justinian possessed in being a father; but St. Maurice was so devoted to his brother's children, that he could not wish for offspring of his own. His exalted opinion of Justinian, his admiration, his enthusiasm, when he became the subject of conversation, may best be shewn by his reply to one of his own earlier associates, who paid him a chance visit. The guest expressed some apprehension at the prospect of being introduced to Mr. Lansdowne, on the grounds, of having heard, that he was a *strict* clergyman (as the speaker designated him) and a profound scholar; he added—"I had always an abhor-

rence of parsons, and book worms." St. Maurice quickly retorted—

“ If he is a book-worm, it is a worm of the *Book of books* ! Indeed ! he offers no unapt comparison to what draws life, support, and nourishment, from such holy sustenance—yes he is, if I may so express myself, an infusion, an essence, of it ; a being formed of spirituality, uttering no word that does not prove his mighty origin, passing no hour that does not demonstrate *whose* servant he is ! Go and hear him ; you will find in him the standard of all preachers, at least in my estimation ; he is not one of your fashionable political declaimers, who never prays but when he is obliged, and always preaches by measure, rarely exceeding his fifteen minutes, lest he should weary the nobility ; neither is he one of those persevering pastors who chime over their favourite expressions for an hour and a half, and leave their audi-

tors wholly unable to make any application of what has been said. You will hear no O!!! dwelt on, as if, in conformity to its shape, it was without termination—an emblem of eternity—neither, on the other hand, will you hear any flippant prating which betrays that the heart is not in the subject; but you will find that happy, happy medium, so desirable, and certainly not so difficult to be attained, as might be imagined, since we so frequently meet with it among the ministers of our venerable, distinguished and truly Christian church.”

May every succeeding year witness her increasing prosperity, and behold in her servants that talent, worth, respectability, disinterestedness, humility, and pure love of God, and of his creatures; which by His grace, shall maintain and extend the benign influence of Christianity: and, through its hallowed operations, convert the

fruitless waste of indifference, into a budding garden of promise; and the desolate wilderness of superstition, and ignorance, into one lovely and flourishing region of unadulterated CIVILIZATION!

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